POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SCOTLAND

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Poems of Places.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

SCOTLAND

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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INTRODUCTORY.

CALEDONIA.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way,
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sir Walter Scott.

GATHERING OF THE MACGREGORS.

THE moon 's on the lake, and the mist 's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then, gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo!
Then, halloo, Grigalach! halloo, Grigalach!
Halloo, halloo, halloo, Grigalach.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours:
We 're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then, courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then, vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance.

While there 's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!
Come then, come then, come then.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.
Then, gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather.

Sir Walter Scott.

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS.

COME along, my brave clans,
There 's nae friends sae stanch and true;
Come along, my brave clans,
There 's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morar to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field:
Gather, bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glen:
Mac-Mic-Rannail calls you;
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan 's your brother,
Auchterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'T is your prince that needs your arm:
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving to.

Gather, bold Clan Donuil;
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with dirk and gun and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn,
Gather, brave Clan Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

Anonymous.

GATHERING OF ATHOLL.

WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's fel'?
He 's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
And the darlin o' Dunkel'.
See the white rose in his bonnet!
See his banner o'er the Tay!
His gude sword he now has drawn it,
And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;
First of heroes! best of men!

Every true and trusty Stewart
  Blithely leaves his native glen.
Atholl lads are lads of honor,
  Westland rogues are rebels a';
When we come within their border,
  We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he 's our friend and brother;
  Gask and Strowan are nae slack!
Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
  And a' the Drummonds at his back,
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
  Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
From the right we 'll never sinder,
  Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
  Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
They have ta'en the field of honor,
  Spite of all their chiefs could say.
Bend the musket, point the rapier,
  Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
Scour the durk, and face the danger;
  Mackintosh has all to do.

Anonymous.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
  Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
  Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
  Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
  From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid,
  And true heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade,
  And strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come
  When forests are rended;
Come as the waves come
  When navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Sir Walter Scott.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns.

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

'MONG Scotia's glens an' mountains blue,
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
Nor Danish lions rallied;
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the stately, nimble deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill;
There freemen wander at their will;
Sure Scotland will be Scotland still
While hearts so brave defend her.
"Fear not, our Sovereign liege," they cry,
"We 've flourished fair beneath thine eye;
For thee we 'll fight, for thee we 'll die,
Nor aught but life surrender.

"Since thou hast watched our every need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy gray head
No foreign foe shall sever.
Thy honored age in peace to save,
The sternest host we 'll dauntless brave,
Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,
Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

"Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,

Our good old man we 'll guard from harm,
Or fall in heaps around him.
Although the Irish harp were won,
And England's roses all o'errun,
'Mong Scotia's glens with sword and gun,
We 'll form a bulwark round him."

James Hogg.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And naught is heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood:
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,

And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

Tobias George Smollett.

DEIRDRÈ'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

DEIRDRÈ, wife of Naise, the son of Usna, returning with her husband to Emania in Erin, laments for Alba (Scotland) her adopted country.

ALAS! and alas, my sorrow!
The pain that hath no relief,
Alas! for the dreadful morrow
To dawn on our day of grief! —
O land in the orient glowing,
The last of thy smiles hath shone
On us, for Fate's wind is blowing,
And the wave of our doom speeds on,
And a blight from the westward cometh, and the bloom of our life is gone!

O land of the morn-bright mountains
With the purple moors at their feet,
Of the clear leaf-mirroring fountains

And rivers of waters sweet;
Of the fragrant wood-bowers twining,
And the cataract's sounding roar,
Of the lakes in their splendor shining,
With the pine-woods whispering o'er, —
Ah! naught but my lord, my lover, could lure me
from thy green shore!

Sweet is it in Daro's valley
To list to the falling rill,
To the breeze in the woodland alley
And the goshawk's note from the hill,
To the light-winged swallow pursuing
His mate with a joyous cry,
To the cuckoo's voice and the cooing
Of doves in the pine-tops high,
And the throstle's song in the thicket, and the lark's
from the morning sky!

Under the summer arbor
By the fresh sea-breezes fanned,
Where the waters of Drayno's harbor
Sing over silver sand,
Happy from morn till even
We 've watched the seabirds play,
And the ocean meeting the heaven
In the distance far away,
And the gleam of the white-sailed galleys, and the
flash of the sunlit spray!

In Masan the green, the blooming,
How happy our days did pass;

Many its flowers perfuming,
And studding like gems the grass:
There the Foxglove purpled the hollow,
And the Iris flaunted its gold,
And the flower that waits for the swallow,
Its dainty bloom to unfold,
With the Hyacinth blue and the Primrose, laught in the breezy wold.

In Eta of sunny weather
'Neath our happy home-porch hid,
On venison sweet from the heather
And flesh of the mountain kid,
On game from the forest cover
And fish from the crystal stream,
We feasted till eve was over,
And the moon with her silver gleam
Soared o'er the dusky pine-woods out from the realm of dream.

O land of the East! O Giver
Of freedom from sore distress!
O land where no cloud came ever
To darken our happiness!
O home of pleasure and promise
And peace unto mine and me,
When I see thy shores fade from us,
I sigh in my misery,
And send my voice o'er the waters crying farewell to thee!

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

SCOTLAND.

Abbotsford.

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

THESE lines were given to Sir Walter Scott at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigor of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest!
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And braes with broom are dressed,
Glad be the harping in thy halls, —
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;

While its deep master-tones hold sway
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the legend and the lay!
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to the hearth and board and bower!
Long honors to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood, still
May thy free sward be pressed!
While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

Felicia Hemans.

ABBOTSFORD.

NOT only for the Bard of highest worth,
But best of men,
Do I invoke ye, Powers of Heaven and Earth!
O, where and when
Shall we again behold his counterpart, —
Such kindred excellence of head and heart?

So good and great, — benevolent as wise, —
On his high throne
How meekly hath he borne his faculties!
How finely shown
A model to the irritable race,
Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!

Horace Smith.

Aberdeen.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamored beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep
('T is where you 've seldom been),
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We 'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see, — the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 't is not the morning breaks,
'T is Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'T is Kate of Aberdeen.

John Cunningham.

JEAN OF ABERDEEN.

YE 've seen the blooming rosy brier,
On stately Dee's wild woody knowes;
Ye 've seen the op'ning lily fair,
In streamy Don's gay broomy howes;
An' ilka bonnie flower that grows
Amang their banks and braes sae green, —
These borrow a' their finest hues
Frae lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Ye 've seen the dew-eyed bloomy haw,
When morning gilds the welkin high;
Ye 've heard the breeze o' summer blaw,
When e'ening steals alang the sky.
But brighter far is Jeanie's eye
When we 're amang the braes alane,
An' softer is the bosom-sigh
Of lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Though I had a' the valleys gay
Around the airy Bennochie,

An' a' the fleecy flocks that stray
Amang the lofty hills o' Dee;
While Mem'ry lifts her melting ee,
An' Hope unfolds her fairy scene,
My heart wi' them I 'd freely gi'e
To lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Alexander Laing.

BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen,
Came he slowly riding:

And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly,

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we 'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in his name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;

While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

* * * * *

John G. Whittier.

Aberfeldy.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS. — Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,

O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Robert Burns.

Afton Water.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Robert Burns.

Ailsa Crag.

'IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17.

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreathe with mist his forehead high:

Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of care,
Pleasure, or grief, and toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful love to Nature owes
For her mute powers, fixed forms, or transient shows.

William Wordsworth.

TO AILSA ROCK.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is 't since the mighty power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when gray clouds are thy cold coverlid?
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep!
Thy life is but two dead eternities, —
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies, —
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep;
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

John Keats.

AILSA CRAG.

A SEA-GIRT precipice, in lonely rest,
Upstarting sheer from out the dark green deep;
I watch thee steadfast with thy columned crest.
Whether the stars their silent vigils keep,
Or the bright lances of the morning sweep
Athwart the mountains, thou hast firmly stood
By night and day, with all undaunted steep;
Ages have rolled, and thou art unsubdued,
A landmark calm and still, amid the weltering flood.

Bathed in the sombre light of eventide,
The great sun slowly draws his shafts around,
While gently heaves the breast of ocean wide;
The wavelets, murmuring with a mellow sound,
From thy gray base in playful mood rebound;
The sea beneath thee gleams with golden light;
In joyous quiet smiles the plain profound;
Set in the main o'er all the verge of sight,
Lit by the rays like gems, the islands glitter bright.

Fair in the distance mark the sunlit land,
Long Carrick's coast, — the line of gay Cantire;
Far westward shines the dim-traced emerald strand;
High the surrounding battlements aspire,
And throw vast shadows in the fading fire.
See the majestic hills of Arran rise,
Wind-wrestling Goatfell and his rugged choir;
Argyll's tall ridges cleave the soaring skies;
Beyond the misty north the mighty Lomond lies.

* * * * *

John Nichol.

Airly.

AIRLY BEACON.

AIRLY BEACON, Airly Beacon;
O the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
O the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer day!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
O the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

Charles Kingsley.

Allan Water.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

BY Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready.
I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang, —
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I 'm thine forever!"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring 's the primrose brae;
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

Robert Burns.

Alloway.

BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

A LOWLY roof of simple thatch, —
No home of pride, of pomp, and sin, —
So freely let us lift the latch,
The willing latch that says, "Come in."

Plain dwelling this! a narrow door,
No carpet by soft sandals trod,

But just for peasant's feet a floor, —
Small kingdom for a child of God!

Yet here was Scotland's noblest born,
And here Apollo chose to light;
And here those large eyes hailed the morn
That had for beauty such a sight!

There, as the glorious infant lay,
Some angel fanned him with his wing,
And whispered, "Dawn upon the day
Like a new sun! go forth and sing!"

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard, —
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.

Some their cold lips disdainful curled;
Yet the sweet lays would many learn;
But he went singing through the world,
In most melodious unconcern.

For flowers will grow, and showers will fall,
And clouds will travel o'er the sky;
And the great God, who cares for all,
He will not let his darlings die.

But they shall sing in spite of men,
In spite of poverty and shame,
And show the world the poet's pen
May match the sword in winning fame.

Thomas William Parsons.

BURNS.

TO A ROSE BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks;
Thou mindst me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We 've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered — flower and leaf.

* * * * *

I 've stood beside the cottage-bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument, — that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given.

* * * * *

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there, — o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest-land;

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast on;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,—
A better never lifted leg,—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;

And past the birks and meikle-stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn:
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we 'll face the Devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,

To gie them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new cutted fra a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowered, amazed, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleckit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark.
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock —
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perished monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn —
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches) —
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,

Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang!)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched.
Ev'n Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither —
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, Weel done, Cutty-sark!
And in an instant a' was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, — the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' —
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss, —
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Robert Burns.

Annan Water.

MARY HALLIDAY.

BONNIE Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you;
If you leave your father's ha'
Sorrow will befall you;
The cushat, hark, a tale of woe
Is to its true love telling,
And Annan stream in drowning wrath
Is through the greenwood swelling.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
Born to be a lady,
Upon the Annan's woody side
Thy saddled steed stands ready;
For thy haughty kinsman's threats
Will thy true faith falter?
The bridal banquet 's ready made,
The priest stands by the altar.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you;
For wit and grace and loveliness,
What maiden can excel you?
Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie mony a fair one,
We canna spare thee frae our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
When the cittern 's sounding
We 'll miss the music of thy foot
Amang the blythe lads bounding, —
The summer sun will freeze our blood,
The winter moon will warm us,
Ere the like o' thee will come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

Allan Cunningham.

Arran.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next, — in shape and hue
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or wingéd Hippogriff,
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull monster and her sooty crew;
And, as a god, light on thy topmost cliff?
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

William Wordsworth.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND: ARRAN FROM AYR.

DEEP set in distant seas it lies;
The morning vapors float and fall,
The noonday clouds above it rise,
Then drop as white as virgin's pall.

And sometimes, when that shroud uplifts,
The far green fields show strange and fair;
Mute waterfalls in silver rifts
Sparkle adown the hillside bare.

But ah! mists gather more and more;
And though the blue sky has no tears,
And the sea laughs with light all o'er,
The lovely island disappears.

O vanished island of the blest!
O dream of all things pure and high!
Hid in deep seas, as faithful breast
Hides loves that have but seemed to die, —

Whether on seas dividing tossed,
Or led through fertile lands the while,
Better lose all things than have lost
The memory of the morning isle!

For lo! when gloaming shadows glide,
And all is calm in earth and air,
Above the heaving of the tide
The lonely island rises fair;

Its purple peaks shine, outlined grand
And clear, as noble lives nigh done;
While stretches bright from land to land
The broad sea-pathway to the sun.

He wraps it in his glory's blaze,
He stoops to kiss its forehead cold;
And, all transfigured by his rays,
It gleams — an isle of molten gold.

The sun may set, the shades descend,
Earth sleep, and yet while sleeping smile;
But it will live unto life's end, —
That vision of the Golden Isle.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

CATHAIR FHARGUS.

FERGUS'S SEAT.

A MOUNTAIN in the Island of Arran, the summit of which resembles a gigantic human profile.

WITH face turned upward to the changeful sky,
I, Fergus, lie, supine in frozen rest;
The maiden morning clouds slip rosily
Unclasped, unclasping, down my granite breast;
The lightning strikes my brow and passes by.

There 's nothing new beneath the sun, I wot;
I "Fergus" called, — the great preadamite,
Who for my mortal body blindly sought
Rash immortality, and on this height
Stone-bound, forever am and yet am not, —

There 's nothing new beneath the sun, I say.
Ye pygmies of a later race, who come
And play out your brief generation's play
Below me, know, I too spent my life's sum,
And revelled through my short tumultuous day.

O, what is man that he should mouth so grand
Through his poor thousand as his seventy years?
Whether as king I ruled a trembling land,
Or swayed by tongue or pen my meaner peers,
Or earth's whole learning once did understand, —

What matter? The star-angels know it all.
They who came sweeping through the silent night
And stood before me, yet did not appall:
Till, fighting 'gainst me in their courses bright,
Celestial smote terrestrial. — Hence, my fall.

Hence, Heaven cursed me with a granted prayer;
Made my hill-seat eternal; bade me keep
My pageant of majestic lone despair,
While one by one into the infinite deep
Sank kindred, realm, throne, world: yet I lay there.

There still I lie. Where are my glories fled?
My wisdom that I boasted as divine?
My grand primeval women fair, who shed
Their whole life's joy to crown one hour of mine,
And lived to curse the love they coveted?

Gone, — gone. Uncounted æons have rolled by,
And still my ghost sits by its corpse of stone,
And still the blue smile of the new-formed sky
Finds me unchanged. Slow centuries crawling on
Bring myriads happy death: — I cannot die.

* * * * *

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Arranteenie.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,
Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens and woody glens
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just opening fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony;
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
I view the distant ocean,
There Avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion: —
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurelled favors many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

Robert Tannahill.

Athole.

CAM YE BY ATHOLE?

CAM ye by Athole braes, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?
Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald!
But if I had ten they should follow Glengary:
Health to MacDonald and gallant Clan Ronald,
For they are the men that wad die for their Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, etc.

I 'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Macintosh he shall fly to the field with them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on with the braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!
Charlie, Charlie, etc.

James Hogg.

Auchinblae.

THE BRAES OF AUCHINBLAE.

AS clear is Luther's wave, I ween,
As gay the grove, the vale as green;
But, O, the days that we have seen
Are fled, and fled for aye, Mary!

O, we have often fondly strayed
In Fordoun's green embowering glade,
And marked the moonbeam as it played
On Luther's bonnie wave, Mary.

Since then, full many a year and day
With me have slowly passed away,
Far from the braes of Auchinblae,
And far from love and thee, Mary!

And we must part again, my dear,
It is not mine to linger here;
Yes, we must part, — and, O, I fear,
We meet not here again, Mary!

For on Culloden's bloody field
Our hapless Prince's fate is sealed, —
Last night to me it was revealed
Sooth as the word of heaven, Mary!

And ere to-morrow's sun shall shine
Upon the heights of Galloquhine,
A thousand victims at the shrine
Of tyranny shall bleed, Mary!

Hark! hark! they come, — the foemen come, —
I go; but wheresoe'er I roam,
With thee my heart remains at home.
Adieu, adieu for aye, Mary!

George Menzies.

Auchtergaven.

THE FOLK O' OCHTERGAEN.

OCHTERGAEN, so provincially named, is Auchtergaven, a village midway between Perth and Dunkeld.

HAPPY, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen, —
Cheerie lasses, cantie callans,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Happy was my youth amang them,
Rantin' was my boyhood's hour;
A' the winsome ways about them
Now, when gane, I number o'er.

Weel I mind ilk wood an' burnie,
Couthie hame an' muirland fauld, —
Ilka sonsie, cheerfu' mither,
An' ilk father douce an' auld!

Weel I mind the ploys an' jokin'
Lads and lasses used to ha'e,—
Moonlight trysts an' Sabbath wanders
O'er the haughs an' on the brae.

Truer lads an' bonnier lasses
Never danced beneath the moon;
Love an' Friendship dwelt amang them,
An' their daffin ne'er was done.

I ha'e left them now forever;
But to greet would bairnly be:
Better sing, an' wish kind Heaven
Frae a' dule may keep them free.

Where'er the path o' life may lead me,
Ae thing sure,—I winna mane
If I meet wi' hands an' hearts
Like those o' cantie Ochtergaen.

Robert Nicoll.

Auchtertool.

AUCHTERTOOL.

FROM the village of Leslie, with a heart full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge, ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I steered,
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheered;
The road I explored out, without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phœbus, behind a high mountain, went down;
The clouds gathered dreary, and weather blew foul,
And I hugged myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the landlady's pertness seemed instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride;
But, asking, was told there was none else beside,
Except an old weaver, who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scampered, and rapped at the door;
He oped, but as soon as I dared to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and uttered a howl
That rung through each corner of old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trode,
Till I came to a ruined old house by the road,
Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the owl,
My wrath I 'll vent forth upon old Auchtertool.

Alexander Wilson.

Avon, the River.

AVON BRAES

'T WAS June, 't was morn, and Brandon's deer
From Cadzow pastures brushed the dew;
The laverock lilted o'er the bere,
And through the woods shone white Mill Heugh;
His feathered guile the fisher threw,
The cushie cooed his dearie's praise, —
When forth I hied the flowers to view,
And spend an hour on Avon braes.

Nae weary, hopeless swain was I,
To languish in a sunny glade,
To aid the zephyr with a sigh,
And gie each flower a sombre shade.
Exulting through the woods I strayed,
Through mony a brier and rosy maze;
Or watched where shimmering ripples played
On Avon, lingering 'mang its braes.

I stood on cliffs with verdure fringed,
And far beneath me, spreading gay,
With blossomed broom and crawflowers tinged,
The summer-painted landscape lay.
There woodbine wound its spiral way,
There brambles leaned on neebor slaes;
And Robin warbled on the spray,
The blithest bird on Avon braes.

There Scotland's bearded symbol grew,
And there her gentler bell I saw;
And, oh! how fondly round them flew
The odor o' the blooming haw!
Suppressed my worldly yearnings a',
I only wished in measured praise
To sing the charms o' glade and shaw,
The linns and rills o' Avon braes.

O, were I lord o' Brandon's Ha',
And a' the charms o' yonder glen,
Nae stars wad woo me far awa',
To wair my golden thousands ten.
If wranged by rude unfeeling men,
The river's sang might soothe my waes;
And wha, a life o' joy to spend,
Need flee frae Avon's bonny braes?

David Wingate.

THE AVON.

A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.

AVON, — a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,

Anguish, and death: full oft, where innocent blood
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from thy name, pure rill, with unpleased ears.

William Wordsworth.

Awe, the River.

TO THE RIVER AWE.

O STREAM, that flows from Awe's isle-studded lake,
Whose heathery mountains high their summits rear,
How rapid is thy current, and how clear!
And what sweet murmurings thy pure waters make,
As if they were lamenting to forsake
Their granite urn, with precipices sheer
Begirt, from whose high peaks the antlered deer
Look down, and eagles the far echoes wake.
No sluggish streams their turbid tribute bring
To thy pure tide, and all in vain man tries
To stain thy bosom with impurities;
These thou with indignation off dost fling,
Reaching thy goal as pure as at thy source.
Ah, sparkling stream, that such were my own course!

James Cochrane.

Ayr, the River.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, O, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

* * * * *

A SIMPLE Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's wheeled the left-about:
Whether impelled by all-directing Fate
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,

He wandered out he knew not where or why.
The drowsy Dungeon clock had numbered two,
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true;
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dashed hoarse along the shore.
All else was hushed as Nature's closéd e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream;—
When lo! on either hand the listening bard
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare.

Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And even the very deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seemed as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,

Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanced his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en: —

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye 'll think ye 're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me, —
Though, faith, that day I doubt ye 'll never see, —
There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense.
Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street, —
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet, —
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time?
There 's men o' taste would tak the Ducat Stream,
Though they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk, puffed up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I 've stood the flood and tide;

And though wi' crazy eild I 'm sair forfairn,
I 'll be a Brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds and spotting thowes,
In monie a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams and mills and brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck down to the Ratton-key
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea, —
Then down ye 'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies:
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we 've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices;
O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;

Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our good Brugh denies protection!
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

BANKS OF AYR.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
'T is not that fatal deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!

Robert Burns.

BURNS.

I LINGER in the autumn noon,
I listen to the partridge call,
I watch the yellow leaflets fall
And drift adown the dimpled Doon.
I lean me o'er the ivy-grown

Old brig, where Vandal tourists' tools
Have ribbed out names that would be known,
Are known, — known as a herd of fools.

Down Ailsa Craig the sun declines,
With lances levelled here and there, —
The tinted thorns! the trailing vines!
O braes of Doon! so fond, so fair!
So passing fair, so more than fond!
The Poet's place of birth beyond,
Beyond the mellow bells of Ayr!

I hear the milkmaid's twilight song
Come bravely through the storm-bent oaks;
Beyond, the white surf's sullen strokes
Beat in a chorus deep and strong;
I hear the sounding forge afar,
And rush and rumble of the car,
The steady tinkle of the bell
Of lazy, laden, home-bound cows
That stop to bellow and to browse;
I breathe the soft sea-wind as well,
And now would fain arouse, arise;
I count the red lights in the skies;
I yield as to a fairy spell.

Heard ye the feet of flying horse?
Heard ye the bogles in the air
That clutch at Tam O'Shanter's mare,
That flies this mossy brig across?

* * * * *

O Burns! another name for song,
Another name for passion, — pride;
For love and poesy allied;
For strangely blended right and wrong.

I picture you as one who kneeled
A stranger at his own hearthstone;
One knowing all, yet all unknown,
One seeing all, yet all concealed;
The fitful years you lingered here,
A lease of peril and of pain;
And I am thankful yet again
The gods did love you, ploughman! peer!

In all your own and other lands,
I hear your touching songs of cheer;
The peasant and the lordly peer
Above your honored dust strike hands.

A touch of tenderness is shown
In this unselfish love of Ayr,
And it is well, you earned it fair;
For all unhelmeted, alone,
You proved a ploughman's honest claim
To battle in the lists of fame;
You earned it as a warrior earns
His laurels fighting for his land,
And died, — it was your right to go.
O eloquence of silent woe!
The Master leaning reached a hand,
And whispered, "It is finished, Burns!"

O sad, sweet singer of a Spring!
Yours was a chill, uncheerful May,
And you knew no full days of June;
You ran too swiftly up the way,
And wearied soon, so over-soon!
You sang in weariness and woe;
You faltered, and God heard you sing,
Then touched your hand and led you so,
You found life's hill-top low, so low,
You crossed its summit long ere noon.
Thus sooner than one would suppose
Some weary feet will find repose.

Joaquin Miller.

Ayrshire.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang;
Bonny Doon, whare, early roamin',
First I weaved the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love, decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,—
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine.

Friends sae near my bosom ever,
Ye ha'e rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 't is doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Richard Gall.

Balloch.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;
But, ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She 's ta'en the carl, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

O, she was a canty quean,
An' weel could dance the Hieland walloch!
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she 's forever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

Mrs. Grant of Carron.

Ballochmyle.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lea,
Nae laverock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sickened on the ee.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wildwood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.

But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Robert Burns.

THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'T WAS even, — the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang!
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;

Even there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day has joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Robert Burns.

Balmaha.

SUMMER MEMORIES.

THE sun sinks in the west: rich orange hues
Change into purple, and a mellow haze
Falls on the mountains. Solemnly they lie,
In silent grandeur, mirrored on the lake,

Those heights majestic! Nearing Balmaha,
The water-lilies, rocking on the swell
Made by the oars, have sunset's rosy blush
Upon their snow-white chalices. Broad leaves
Of glossy green that on the surface float,
As oar-blades lift their long elastic stems,
Flap on the water.

* * * * *

The veil of evening falls. A mighty calm
Pervades the landscape. In the gloaming, even
The rugged heights, with outline softened, yield
To charméd sleep. All breathing deep repose,
There is a summer softness in the air;
And sweet that dewy fragrance from the flowers
We know are springing all around our feet,
Although we cannot see their loveliness.
Yon scarlet flakes hung low in amber air,
Beyond the purple peaks, intensely burn,
Till each streak, waxing thread-like, disappears,
Foretelling bright to-morrow. From lone cots,
Hid by the trees, thin columns of blue smoke,
Ascending, mingle with the twilight shades,
And die in blue mid-air. Wending along
By wooded promontories, overhead
Far-stretching branches interlace, and cast
Their dusky shadows on our path. We meet
The herd-boy bringing home the lowing kine,
And, gazing, follow him, till all the train,
Last he himself, in windings of the way
Is lost.

* * * * *

Full orbed,
In mild effulgence from the dim blue hills,
The fair moon rises, shedding o'er the world
A wild romantic beauty. On the lake
Her yellow lustre glimmers, taking all
The gentle ripples by the pebbly marge;
While rising terraces of dark green trees
Repose in silence, bronze-like, touched with gold;
And island groups clothed to the water's brink,
Each mirrored double in the clear blue deep,
Seem ever varying as we walk along.
We mark rude bridges, torrents, mountain bourns,
Lone paths into the woods, and, through the leaves,
Steep cataracts dashing, in white silvery foam;
The hushed air, fragrant with the tedded hay;
And dew-drops sparkling on each blade of grass.

* * * * *

Andrew James Symington.

Balquhidder.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,

Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I 'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we 'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer 's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

Robert Tannahill.

Bannockburn.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power:
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.

Barr.

THE BONNIE LASS OF BARR.

OF streams that down the valley run,
Or through the meadow glide,
Or glitter to the summer sun,
The Stinshar is the pride.
'T is not his banks of verdant hue,
Though famed they be afar;
Nor grassy hill, nor mountain blue,
Nor flower bedropt with diamond dew;
'T is she that chiefly charms the view,
The bonnie lass of Barr.

When rose the lark on early wing,
The vernal tide to hail;
When daisies decked the breast of spring,
I sought her native vale.
The beam that gilds the evening sky,
And brighter morning star
That tells the king of day is nigh,
With mimic splendor vainly try

To reach the lustre of thine eye,
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

The sun behind yon misty isle
Did sweetly set yestreen,
But not his parting dewy smile
Could match the smile of Jean.
Her bosom swelled with gentle woe,
Mine strove with tender war.
On Stinshar's banks, while wildwoods grow,
While rivers to the ocean flow,
With love of thee my heart shall glow,
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

Hamilton Paul.

Bass Rock.

THE BASS ROCK.

AMIGHTY mass majestic, from the roots
Of the old sea thou risest to the sky,
In thy wild, bare sublimity alone.
All-glorious was the prospect from thy peak,
Thou thunder-cloven Island of the Forth!
Landward Tantallon lay, with ruined walls
Sepulchral, — like a giant in old age,
Smote by the blackening lightning-flash, and left
A prostrate corpse upon the sounding shore!
Behind arose your congregated woods,

Leuchie, Balgone, and Rockville, — fairer none.
Remoter, mingling with the arch of heaven,
Blue Cheviot told where, stretching by his feet,
Bloomed the fair valleys of Northumberland.
Seaward the Forth, a glowing green expanse,
Studded with many a white and gliding sail,
Winded its serpent form, — the Ochils rich
Down gazing in its mirror; while beyond
The Grampians reared their bare, untrodden scalps;
Fife showed her range of scattery coast-towns old —
Old as the days of Scotland's early kings,
Malcolm and Alexander and the Bruce —
From western Dysart to the dwindling point
Of famed and far St. Andrews; all beyond
Was ocean's billowy and unbounded waste,
Sole broken by the verdant islet May,
Whose fitful lights, amid surrounding gloom,
When midnight mantles earth and sea and sky,
From danger warns the home-bound mariner;
And one black speck — a distant sail — which told
Where mingled with its line the horizon blue.

Who were thy visitants, lone Rock, since man
Shrank from thy sea-flower solitudes, and left
His crumbling ruins mid thy barren shelves?
Up came the cormorant, with dusky wing,
From northern Orkney, an adventurous flight,
Floating far o'er us in the liquid blue,
While many a hundred fathom in the sheer
Abyss below, where foamed the surge unheard,
Dwindled by distance, flocks of mighty fowl

Floated like feathery specks upon the wave.
The rower with his boat-hook struck the mast,
And lo! the myriad wings that like a sheet
Of snow o'erspread the crannies, — all were up!
The gannet, guillemot, and kittiwake,
Marrot and plover, snipe and eider-duck,
The puffin and the falcon and the gull, —
Thousands on thousands, an innumerous throng,
Darkening the noontide with their winnowing plumes,
A cloud of animation! the wide air
Tempesting with their mingled cries uncouth!
Words cannot tell the sense of loneliness
Which then and there, cloud-like, across my soul
Fell, as our weary steps clomb that ascent.
Amid encompassing mountains I have paused,
At twilight, when alone the little stars,
Brightening amid the wilderness of blue,
Proclaimed a world not God-forsaken quite;
I 've walked, at midnight, on the hollow shore,
In darkness, when the trampling of the waves,
The demon-featured clouds, and howling gales,
Seemed like returning chaos, — all the fierce
Terrific elements in league with night, —
Earth crouching underneath their tyrannous sway,
And the lone sea-bird shrieking from its rock;
And I have mused in churchyards far remote,
And long forsaken even by the dead,
To blank oblivion utterly given o'er,
Beneath the waning moon, whose mournful ray
Showed but the dim hawk sleeping on his stone:
But never, in its moods of fantasy,

Had to itself my spirit shaped a scene
Of sequestration more profound than thine,
Grim throne of solitude, stupendous Bass!
Oft in the populous city, mid the stir
And strife of hurrying thousands, each intent
On his own earnest purpose, to thy cliffs
Sea-girt, precipitous, — the solan's home, —
Wander my reveries; and thoughts of thee
(While scarcely stirs the ivy round the porch,
And all is silent as the sepulchre)
Oft make the hush of midnight more profound.

David Macbeth Moir.

Ben Arthur.

THE COBBLER.

BEN ARTHUR, or the Cobbler, rises in great majesty and grandeur at the head of Loch Long to the height of 2,400 feet, his fantastic peak cracked and shattered into every conceivable form. From one point it resembles the figure of a cobbler. Hence the popular name of the mountain. — *Tourists' Guide.*

FAR away, up in his rocky throne,
The gaunt old Cobbler dwells alone.
Around his head the lightnings play,
Where he sits with his lapstone, night and day.
No one seeth his jerking awl,
No one heareth his hammer fall;

But what he doth when mists enwrap
The bald and barren mountain-top,
And cover him up from the sight of man,
No one knoweth, or ever can.

Oft in the night, when storms are loud,
He thunders from the drifting cloud,
And sends his voice o'er sea and lake
To bid his brother Bens awake;
And Lomond, Lawers, and Venue
Answer him back with wild halloo,
And Cruachan shouts from his splintered peaks,
And the straths respond when the monarch speaks,
And hill with hill and Ben with Ben
Talk wisdom — meaningless to men.

And oft he sings, this Cobbler old,
And his voice rings loud from his summits cold,
And the north-wind helps him with organ-swell,
And the rush of streams as they leap the fell.
But none interprets right or wrong
The pith and burden of his song,
Save one, a weird and crazy wight,
Oppressed with the gift of the second sight,
Who tells the shepherds of Glencroe
What the Cobbler thinks of our world below.

* * * * *

Charles Mackay.

Ben Cruachan.

SONG OF BEN CRUACHAN.

BEN CRUACHAN is king of the mountains
That gird in the lovely Loch Awe;
Loch Ettive is fed from his fountains,
By the streams of the dark-rushing Awe.
With his peak so high
He cleaves the sky
That smiles on his old gray crown,
While the mantle green,
On his shoulders seen,
In many a fold flows down.

He looks to the north, and he renders
A greeting to Nevis Ben;
And Nevis, in white snowy splendors,
Gives Cruachan greeting again.
O'er dread Glencoe
The greeting doth go,
And where Ettive winds fair in the glen;
And he hears the call
In his steep north wall,
"God bless thee, old Cruachan Ben."

When the north winds their forces muster,
And ruin rides high on the storm,

All calm, in the midst of their bluster,
He stands with his forehead enorm.
When block on block,
With thundering shock,
Comes hurtled confusedly down,
No whit recks he,
But laughs to shake free
The dust from his old gray crown.

And while torrents on torrents are pouring
Down his sides with a wild, savage glee,
And when louder the loud Awe is roaring,
And the soft lake swells to a sea,
He smiles through the storm,
And his heart grows warm
As he thinks how his streams feed the plains,
And the brave old Ben
Grows young again,
And swells with his lusty veins.

For Cruachan is king of the mountains
That gird in the lovely Loch Awe;
Loch Ettive is fed from his fountains,
By the streams of the dark-rushing Awe.
Ere Adam was made
He reared his head
Sublime o'er the green winding glen;
And when flame wraps the sphere,
O'er earth's ashes shall peer
The peak of the old granite Ben.

John Stuart Blackie.

Ben Dhu.

MARY.

HOW saft sink the shadows when day, disappearing
Behind yon gray mountain, bids Tarland adieu!
While clouds to the western horizon are steering,
And sunset's bright glories yet linger in view.
O, fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,
The cantie bit lassie that dearly I lo'e;
O, fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming
Adown the steep rocks on the braes o' Ben Dhu!

She treads the rich clover, where each painted rover—
Bright butterflies—sported the lang simmer day;
She plucks the red brier rose—the woodbine its lover,
And twines her dark locks wi' the white-blossomed May.
O, fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming
Mid braw luckan gowans and harebells sae blue;
O, fair fa' the gloaming, where torrents are foaming
Adown the wild corries and craigs o' Ben Dhu!

Amang the rough copsewood, across the green paling,
Through meadow-sweet, fair as the pearl-bosomed spray,
Where birches in tears are their fragrance exhaling,
As light as the roe-deer she bounds on her way.
O, fair fa' the gloaming when Mary is roaming,
Sae winsome and bonnie, sae gentle and true;
My steps fly to meet her, and soon shall I greet her,—
The joy of my fond heart! the pride of Ben Dhu!

Maria Dorothea Ogilvy.

Ben Lomond.

BEN LOMOND.

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock the historian's pen!

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours;
And likens to the bees' frail hives
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun,
New creeds, new conquerors' sway;
And, like their shadows in the sun,
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied,
Unlike life's little span,
Looks down, a Mentor on the pride
Of perishable man.

Thomas Campbell.

TO BEN LOMOND.

AS one long used by midnight lamp to pore
O'er hieroglyphic learning, and to stand
Spelling old marbles in this modern land,
To find the secret of Egyptian lore,

Betakes himself full-fraught to Nilus' shore,
And gazes, rapt, on tombs and temples vast,
To read the records of the mighty past,
But soon despairs and gives his purpose o'er;
Even so on thy magnificence years long
By day, by night, with rapture have I gazed,
O sovran Ben! that my soul might be raised,
And all my feelings kindled into song:
But vain the wish, when I attempt the theme,
My thoughts escape in air, and I but dream.

James Cochrane.

BEN LOMOND.

SOME may delight to spend their hours,
By limpid streamlets fringed with flowers,
But give to me the wilds where towers
Thy rocky crest, Ben Lomond.

Through leafy groves young love may stray,
To sing the joys of rosy May,
But bolder tones must fire his lay
Whose theme 's the proud Ben Lomond.

Dark clouds upon thy forehead rest,
Red lightnings play around thy crest,
And storm runs riot on thy breast,
Thou heed'st them not, Ben Lomond.

But when gay summer 's in her prime,
And balmy winds steal o'er our clime,

Who would not dare thy heights sublime
And glory in Ben Lomond!

There far above proud cities we
With wonder filled will lean on thee,
Awed by the gorgeous scenery
That round thee spreads, Ben Lomond.

Sublimity sits throned on thee,
Veiled in the vast profundity
That stills or wakes the inland sea
That bathes thy feet, Ben Lomond.

John Mitchell.

Bennachie.

O, GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS!

O, GIN I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,—
O, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie!

I 've roamed by Tweed, I 've roamed by Tay,
By border Nith, and highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
And bid the burdies wag the wing,

They blithely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gow'd and leaves o' green,
I fain would be where aft I 've been,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barnyards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'T is blithe to toom the clyack horn
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I 'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

O, gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins, —
O, gin I were where Gadie rins
By the foot o' Bennachie!

John Imlah.

Ben Nevis.

BEN NEVIS.

READ me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud
Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist!
I look into the chasms, and a shroud
Vaporous doth hide them, — just so much I wist
Mankind do know of hell; I look o'erhead,
And there is sullen mist, — even so much
Mankind can tell of heaven; mist is spread
Before the earth, beneath me, — even such,
Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet, —
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
I tread on them, — that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mental might!

John Keats.

Benvenue.

COIR-NAN-URISKIN.

IT was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,

Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wildcat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.

Sir Walter Scott.

Berwick.

BERWICK.

AS it befell, and hapinit into deid,
Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane noble toun,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renoune,
And mony a lady bene fair of face,
And mony ane fresche lusty galand was.
Into this toune, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Apoun the sey, thair standis nane it lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with stane,
And dowbil stankis castin mony ane.
And syne the castell is so strang and wicht,
With staitelie towrs, and turrats hé on hicht,
With kirnalis wrocht craftelie with all;
The portculis most subtellie to fall,
Quhen that thame list to draw thame upon hicht,
That it may be into na mannis micht,
To win that hous by craft or subtiltie.
Quhairfoir it is maist fair alluterrlie;
Into my tyme, quhairever I have bein,
Most fair, most gudelie, most pleasand to be sene.
The toun, the castel, and the pleasand land;
The sea wallis upon the uther hand;
The grit Croce kirk, and eik the Mason dew;
The Jacobine of the quhyt hew,

The Carmeletis, and the monks eik
Of the four ordours war nocht to seik;
Thay wer all into this toun dwelling.
* * * * *

Attributed to William Dunbar.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

GO to Berwick, Johnnie;
Bring her frae the Border;
Yon sweet bonny lassie,
Let her gae nae farther.
English loons will twine ye
O' the lovely treasure;
But we 'll let them ken
A sword wi' them we 'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honor;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And show our Scottish banner.
I am Rob, the King,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We 'll a' there thegither.

John Hamilton.

Binnorie.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland, of seven lilies, wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle-horn.
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright,
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right; —
Of your fair household, father-knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap

Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing mournfully, O, mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

William Wordsworth.

Blaavin.

BLAAVIN.

O WONDERFUL mountain of Blaavin,
How oft since our parting hour
You have roared with the wintry torrents,
You have gloomed through the thunder-shower!
But by this time the lichens are creeping
Gray-green o'er your rocks and your stones,
And each hot afternoon is steeping

Your bulk in its sultriest bronze.
O, sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,
When it loosens your torrents' flow,
When with one little touch of a sunny hand
It unclasps your cloak of snow.
O, sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,
And sweet it was to me!
For before the bell of the snowdrop
Or the pink of the apple-tree,
Long before your first spring torrent
Came down with a flash and a whirl,
In the breast of its happy mother
There nestled my little girl.
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,
It was with the strangest start
That I felt, at the little querulous cry,
The new pulse awake in my heart;
A pulse that will live and beat, Blaavin,
Till, standing round my bed,
While the chirrup of birds is heard out in the dawn,
The watchers whisper, He 's dead!
O, another heart is mine, Blaavin,
Sin' this time seven year,
For life is brighter by a charm,
Death darker by a fear.
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,
How I long to be with you again,
To see lashed gulf and gully
Smoke white in the windy rain, —
To see in the scarlet sunrise
The mist-wreaths perish with heat,

The wet rock slide with a trickling gleam
Right down to the cataract's feet;
While towards the crimson islands,
Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,
A cormorant flaps o'er a sleek ocean floor
Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.

Ah me! as wearily I tread
The winding hill-road mute and slow,
Each rock and rill are to my heart
So conscious of the long-ago.
My passion with its fulness ached,
I filled this region with my love,
Ye listened to me, barrier crags,
Thou heard'st me singing, blue above.
O, never can I know again
The sweetness of that happy dream,
But thou remember'st, iron crag,
And thou remember'st, falling stream!
O, look not so on me, ye rocks.
The past is past, and let it be;
Thy music, ever-falling stream,
Brings more of pain than joy to me.
O cloud, high dozing on the peak,
O tarn, that gleams so far below,
O distant ocean, blue and sleek,
On which the white sails come and go,
Ye look the same; thou sound'st the same,
Thou ever-falling, falling stream, —
Ye are the changeless dial-face
And I the passing beam.

As adown the long glen I hurried,
With the torrent from fall to fall,
The invisible spirit of Blaavin
Seemed ever on me to call.
As I passed the red lake fringed with rushes
A duck burst away from its breast,
And before the bright circles and wrinkles
Had subsided again into rest,
At a clear open turn of the roadway
My passion went up in a cry,
For the wonderful mountain of Blaavin
Was bearing his huge bulk on high,
Each precipice keen and purple
Against the yellow sky.

Alexander Smith.

Blackford Hill.

BLACKFORD HILL.

BLACKFORD! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.

Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Naught do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

Sir Walter Scott.

Bothwell Castle.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps I roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me wave;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave
Needless renewal of an old delight?
Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crossed.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

William Wordsworth.

Brackley.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

DOWN Dee side came Inveraye,
Whistling and playing;
And called loud at Brackley gate,
Ere the day dawing,
"Come, Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down;
A sword 's at your threshold,
Mair sharp than your own."

"Arise now, gay Gordon,"
His lady gan cry;
"Look, there is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye."
"How can I go, ladye,
To win them agen?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten."

"Arise, all my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How blest had I been
Had I married a man!
Arise, all my maidens,
Take buckler and sword;
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be lord."

The Gordon sprang up,
Put his helm on his head;
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed,
And stooped low and said,
As he kissed his young dame,
"There 's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame."

Wi' sword and wi' dagger
He rushed on him rude;
And the gay gallant Gordon
Lies bathed in his blude.
Frae the sources of Dee
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Highlanders mourn for him
And curse Inveraye.

"O, came ye by Brackley,
And what saw ye there?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair?"
"I came in by Brackley,
I came in, and O,
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.

"As a rose bloomed the lady,
And blithe as a bride;
Like a bridegroom bold Inveraye
Smiled at her side.

And she feasted him there,
As she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword."

There 's grief in the cottage
And tears in the ha',
For the gay gallant Gordon
That 's dead and awa'.
To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave,
They come never again.

Allan Cunningham.

Branksome Hall.

BRANKSOME HALL.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell, —
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight and page and household squire,

Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire;
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot stone to Eskdale moor.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of metal true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,

Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow:
A hundred more fed free in stall;—
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, armed, by night?
They watch to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying,
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Sir Walter Scott.

Bruar Water.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Emboldened thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shored me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonny spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow,
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall insure
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form.
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care.
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray;
Or by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-checkering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honored native land!
So may, through Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be, — "Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonny lasses!"

Robert Burns.

Bushby Braes.

THE BRAES OF BUSHBY.

AE glentin' cheerfu' simmer morn,
As I cam o'er the riggs o' Lorn,
I heard a lassie all forlorn
Lamentin' for her Johnny, O.
Her wild notes poured the air alang;
The Highland rocks an' woodlands rang;
An' ay the o'erword o' her sang
Was Bushby braes are bonny, O.

On Bushby braes where blossoms blow,
Where blooms the brier an' sulky sloe,
There first I met my only Joe,
My dear, my faithfu' Johnny, O;
The grove was dark, sae dark an' sweet;
Where first my lad an' I did meet;
The roses blushed around our feet:
Then Bushby braes were bonny, O.

Departed joys, how soft, how dear!
That frae my e'e still wrings the tear!
Yet still the hope my heart shall cheer
Again to meet my Johnny, O.
The primrose saw, an' blue harebell,
But nane o' them our love can tell,
The thrilling joy I felt too well,
When Bushby braes were bonny, O.

My lad is in the Baltic gane
To fight the proud an' doubtfu' Dane.
For our success my heart is fain;
But 't is maistly for my Johnny, O.
Then, Cupid, smooth the German sea,
An' bear him back to Lorn an' me!
An' a' my life I 'll sing wi' glee,
The Bushby braes are bonny, O.

James Hogg.

Bute, the Isle.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF BUTE.

ERE yet dim twilight brightened into day,
Or waned the silver morning star away,
Shedding its last, lone, melancholy smile,
Above the mountain-tops of far Argyll;
Ere yet the solan's wing had brushed the sea,
Or issued from its cell the mountain bee;
As dawn beyond the orient Cumbraes shone,
Thy northern slope, Byrone,
From Ascog's rocks, o'erflung with woodland bowers,
With scarlet fuchsias, and faint myrtle flowers,
My steps essayed; brushing the diamond dew
From the soft moss, lithe grass, and harebell blue.
Up from the heath aslant the linnet flew
Startled, and rose the lark on twinkling wing,
And soared away, to sing

A farewell to the severing shades of night,
A welcome to the morning's earliest light.
Thy summit gained, how tranquilly serene,
Beneath, outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and ruin tinged with amethyst,
Half seen, half hidden by the lazy mist,
Volume on volume, which had vaguely wound
The far-off hills around,
And now rolled downwards; till on high were seen,
Begirt with sombre larch, their foreheads green.

There, there, when all except the lark was mute,
O beauty-breathing Bute,
On thee entranced I gazed; each moment brought
A new creation to the eye of thought:
The orient clouds all Iris' hues assumed,
From the pale lily to the rose that bloomed,
And hung above the pathway of the sun,
As if to harbinger his course begun;
When, lo! his disk burst forth,—his beams of gold
Seemed earth as with a garment to enfold,
And from his piercing eye the loose mists flew,
And heaven with arch of deep autumnal blue
Glowed overhead; while ocean, like a lake,
Seeming delight to take
In its own halcyon-calm, resplendent lay,
From Western Kames to far Kilchattan bay.
Old Largs looked out amid the orient light,
With its gray dwellings, and, in greenery bright,

Lay Coila's classic shores revealed to sight;
And like a Vallombrosa, veiled in blue,
Arose Mount-Stuart's woodlands on the view;
Kerry and Cowal their bold hill-tops showed,
And Arran, and Kintyre; like rubies glowed
The jagged clefts of Goatfell; and below,
As on a chart, delightful Rothesay lay,
Whence sprang of human life the awakening sound,
With all its happy dwellings, stretching round
The semicircle of its sunbright bay.

Byrone, a type of peace thou seemest now,
Yielding thy ridges to the rustic plough,
With cornfields at thy feet, and many a grove
Whose songs are but of love;
But different was the aspect of that hour
Which brought, of eld, the Norsemen o'er the deep,
To wrest yon castle's walls from Scotland's power,
And leave her brave to bleed, her fair to weep;
When Husbac fierce, and Olave, Mona's king,
Confederate chiefs, with shout and triumphing,
Bade o'er its towers the Scaldic raven fly,
And mock each storm-tost sea-king toiling by! —
Far different were the days
When flew the fiery cross, with summoning blaze,
O'er Blane's hill, and o'er Catan, and o'er Kames,
And round thy peak the phalanxed Butesmen stood,
As Bruce's followers shed the Baliol's blood,
Yea! gave each Saxon homestead to the flames!

Proud palace-home of kings! what art thou now?
Worn are the traceries of thy lofty brow!

Yet once in beauteous strength like thee were none,
When Rothesay's Duke was heir to Scotland's throne;
Ere Falkland rose, or Holyrood, in thee
The barons to their sovereign bowed the knee:
Now, as to mock thy pride,
The very waters of thy moat are dried;
Through fractured arch and doorway freely pass
The sunbeams, into halls o'ergrown with grass;
Thy floors, unroofed, are open to the sky,
And the snows lodge there when the storm sweeps by;
O'er thy grim battlements, where bent the bow
Thine archers keen, now hops the chattering crow;
And where the beauteous and the brave were guests,
Now breed the bats, the swallows build their nests!
Lost even the legend of the bloody stair,
Whose steps went downward to thy house of prayer;
Gone is the priest, and they who worshipped seem
Phantoms to us, — a dream within a dream;
Earth hath o'ermantled each memorial stone,
And from their tombs the very dust is gone;
All perished, all forgotten, like the ray
Which gilt yon orient hill-tops yesterday;
All nameless, save mayhap one stalwart knight,
Who fell with Græme in Falkirk's bloody fight, —
Bonkill's stout Stewart, whose heroic tale
Oft circles yet the peasant's evening fire,
And how he scorned to fly, and how he bled, —
He, whose effigies in St. Mary's choir,
With planted heel upon the lion's head,
Now rests in marble mail.
Yet still remains the small dark narrow room

Where the third Robert, yielding to the gloom
Of his despair, heart-broken, laid him down,
Refusing food, to die; and to the wall
Turned his determined face, unheeding all,
And to his captive boy-prince left his crown.
Alas! thy solitary hawthorn-tree,
Four-centuried, and o'erthrown, is but of thee
A type, majestic ruin: there it lies,
And annually puts on its Mayflower bloom,
To fill thy lonely precincts with perfume,
Yet lifts no more its green head to the skies;
The last lone living thing around that knew
Thy glory, when the dizziness and din
Of thronging life o'erflowed thy halls within,
And o'er thy top St. Andrew's banner flew.

Farewell! Elysian island of the west,
Still be thy gardens brightened by the rose
Of a perennial spring, and winter's snows
Ne'er chill the warmth of thy maternal breast!
May calms forever sleep around thy coast,
And desolating storms roll far away,
While art with nature vies to form thy bay,
Fairer than that which Naples makes her boast!
Green link between the High lands and the Low,—
Thou gem, half claimed by earth and half by sea,—
May blessings, like a flood, thy homes o'erflow,
And health, though elsewhere lost, be found in thee!
May thy bland zephyrs to the pallid cheek
Of sickness ever roseate hues restore,
And they who shun the rabble and the roar
Of the wild world on thy delightful shore

Obtain that soft seclusion which they seek!
Be this a stranger's farewell, green Byrone,
Who ne'er hath trod thy heathery heights before,
And ne'er may see thee more
After yon autumn sun hath westering gone;
Though oft, in pensive mood, when far away,
Mid city multitudes, his thoughts will stray
To Ascog's lake, blue-sleeping in the morn,
And to the happy homesteads that adorn
Thy Rothesay's lovely bay.

David Macbeth Moir.

Cadzow Castle.

CADZOW.

THE birds are singing by Avon Bridge,
The sky is blue o'er Chatelrault,
And all through Cadzow's wooded glades
The softest airs of summer blow.

O birds that sing by Avon Bridge,
Why should your notes so richly flow?
O tranquil sky of cloudless blue,
Why shine so bright o'er Chatelrault?

O Avon! rolling gently down,
Why keep'st thou that old tuneful tone?
Where is the voice so soft and low
Whose music echoed back thy own?

O Cadzow! why this rustling pomp
Of leafy boughs that wave so high?

Where is the light that gleamed through all
Thy shadowy paths in days gone by?

O summer airs! why thus recall
The sweeter breath, that seemed to bring
The balmy dews of southern skies,
And all the roses of the spring!

Henry Glassford Bell.

Carmyle.

THE LASSIE O' CARMYLE.

'TWAS on a bonnie simmer morn,
The fields were wet wi' dew,
And Clutha's banks were clad wi' flowers
Of fairest form and hue;
The wild birds sang their sweetest notes,
Blithe Phœbus ceased to smile,
As wandering forth I chanced to meet
The lassie o' Carmyle.

Her glowing cheek outrivalled far
The rosebud's sweetest hue;
Her hair was like the raven's wing,
Her eyes a lovely blue.
O'ercome with love and sweet surprise,
Entranced I stood awhile,
Then fondly clasped, in warm embrace,
The lassie o' Carmyle.

Yon sweet wee gowan on the bank
Wi' her could ne'er compare;
The primrose pale, the violet's blue,
Were ne'er so sweet and fair.
I told my love wi' artless tongue,
Wi' heart unstained by guile;
She blushed, she smiled, but noo she 's mine,
The lassie o' Carmyle.

Unheeded now, ambition scales
The slippery hill of fame;
Unenvied now, pale avarice gains
Blind fortune's fickle game:
For what are rank or fame to me
Compared wi' her sweet smile?
My heart's first treasure still shall be
The lassie o' Carmyle.

Hugh Macdonald.

Carrick.

CARRICK.

IN night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more descried,
Are gone, and on the placid sea
The rowers plied their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the laboring oar.

The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whitened sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the king's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warned them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seemed a twinkling star,
Now blazed, portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glowed,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flowed,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropped from their crags on plashing wave,
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deemed it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.
"Now, good my liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?"
"Row on!" the noble king replied,
"We 'll learn the truth whate'er betide;
Yet sure the beadsman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild."

Sir Walter Scott.

Castell Gloom.

CASTELL GLOOM

CASTLE GLOOM, better known as Castle Campbell, was a residence of the noble family of Argyll, from the middle of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was burned by the Marquis of Montrose. The castle is situated on a promontory of the Ochil hills, near the village of Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, and has long been in the ruinous condition described in the song.

O CASTELL GLOOM! thy strength is gone,
The green grass o'er thee growin';
On hill of Care thou art alone,
The Sorrow round thee flowin'.

O Castell Gloom! on thy fair wa's
Nae banners now are streamin',
The houlet flits amang thy ha's,
And wild birds there are screamin'.
O, mourn the woe, O, mourn the crime,
Frae civil war that flows;
O, mourn, Argyll, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose.

Here ladies bright were aften seen,
Here valiant warriors trod;
And here great Knox has aften been,
Wha feared naught but his God!
But a' are gane! the gude, the great,
And naething now remains,

But ruin sittin' on thy wa's,
And crumblin' down the stanes.
O, mourn the woe, etc.

Thy lofty Ochils bright did glow,
Though sleepin' was the sun;
But mornin's light did sadly show,
What ragin' flames had done.
O, mirk, mirk was the misty cloud,
That hung o'er thy wild wood!
Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,
And all was solitude.
O, mourn the woe, O, mourn the crime,
Frae civil war that flows;
O, mourn, Argyll, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose.

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Castlecary.

MARY OF CASTLECARY.

O, SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true-love, down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie whare flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;

Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Whare could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true-love, down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing, late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whare flowers the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true-love, ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she 's frae Castlecary;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee."

"It was, then, your Mary; she 's frae Castlecary;
It was, then, your true-love I met by the tree;—
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew;
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e,—
"Ye 's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly you lee."

"Awa' wi' beguiling," cried the youth, smiling.
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lo'ed maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
"Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true-love here that I see?"
"O Jamie, forgi'e me! your heart 's constant to me;
I 'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

Hector Macneill.

Castle-Gordon.

CASTLE-GORDON.

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commixed with foulest stains,
From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Helpless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil;

Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood.
Life's poor day I 'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wildwoods wave,
By bonny Castle-Gordon.

Robert Burns.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden,
Return him safe to fair Strathspey
And bonny Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning
Soon shall wi' leaves be hinging,

The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I 'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth 's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon.

Robert Burns.

Cayla, the River.

THE RIVER CAYLA.

CAYLA, or Cayle-Water, is one of the branches of the river Teviot.

CAYLA! like voice of years gone by,
I hear thy mountain melody:
It comes with long-forgotten dreams
Once cherished by thy wizard streams;
And sings of school-boy rambles free,
And heart-felt young hilarity!
I see the mouldering turrets hoar
Dim-gleaming on thy woodland shore,
Where oft, afar from vulgar eye,
I loved at summer tide to lie;
Abandoned to the witching sway
Of some old bard's heroic lay;
Or poring o'er the immortal story
Of Roman and of Grecian glory.

* * * * *

But chief, when summer twilight mild
Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,
I loved beside that ruin gray
To watch the dying gleam of day.
And though, perchance, with secret dread,
I heard the bat flit round my head,
While winds that waved the long lank grass
With sound unearthly seemed to pass,
Yet with a pleasing horror fell
Upon my heart the thrilling spell;
For all that met the eye or ear
Was still so pure and peaceful here,
I deemed no evil might intrude
Within the saintly solitude.
Still vivid memory can recall
The figure of each shattered wall;
The aged trees, all hoar with moss,
Low-bending o'er the circling fosse;
The rushing of the mountain flood;
The cushats cooing in the wood;
The rooks that o'er the turrets sail;
The lonely curlew's distant wail;
The flocks that high on Hounam rest;
The glories of the glowing west.

* * * * *

Thomas Pringle.

Cluden.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS. — Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie!

Hark! the mavis' evening-sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We 'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;

I can die, — but canna part,
My bonny dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

Robert Burns.

Clyde, the River.

THE CLYDE.

ARCADIAN scenes are thine, fair Clyde!
The rural pipe, clear tinkling rills,
Where sweet thy gathering waters glide
'Mong flowery meads and emerald hills:

Where shepherdesses tend the flock
That wanders on the mountain's side,
Nor sigh for vanities that mock
The slaves of fashion and of pride:

Where lives the rustic, blessed with health,
Unconscious of a nobler sphere;
Happy, he neither longs for wealth,
Nor ruthless poverty doth fear:

Where many a feudal castle lowers,
With ivied walls storm-bleached and gray;

I've heard the owl scream from those towers
That once with revelry were gay.

And where are they, the barons proud,
Who reared those noble turrets high?
Their mantle now is but a shroud, —
Hero and house in ruins lie.

Round Tinto now he winds serene,
Then sweeps far o'er the distant plain;
But loath to leave so sweet a scene,
He turns to kiss her feet again.

Now eddying smooth he speeds along,
Loud murmuring as his waters swell;
Now whirling wild, now gurgling strong,
He dives into the bosky dell.

Then o'er the rugged precipice,
Like madman in his fury, pours,
And deep, deep in the dread abyss,
He whirls, and boils, and foams, and roars.

Around Stonebyres what beauty lies!
The Terni of our northern clime;
With Tivoli thy Cora vies,
Less beautiful, but more sublime.

* * * * *

James Cochrane.

THE CLYDE.

FROM one vast mountain bursting on the day,
Tweed, Clyde, and Annan urge their separate way.
To Anglia's shores bright Tweed and Annan run,
That seeks the rising, this the setting sun;
Where raged the Border war, and either flood
Now blushed with Scottish, now with English blood;
Both lands by turns their heroes lost deplore;
But blest Britannia knows these woes no more.
Clyde far from scenes of strife and horror fled,
And through more peaceful fields his waters led.

John Wilson.

THE CLYDE.

THE morn rose blue and glorious o'er the world;
The steamer left the black and oozy wharves,
And floated down between dark ranks of masts.
We heard the swarming streets, the noisy mills;
Saw sooty foundries full of glare and gloom,
Great bellied chimneys tipped by tongues of flame,
Quiver in smoky heat. We slowly passed
Loud building yards, where every slip contained
A mighty vessel with a hundred men
Battering its iron sides. A cheer! a ship
In a gay flutter of innumerous flags
Slid gayly to her home. At length the stream
Broadened 'tween banks of daisies, and afar
The shadows flew upon the sunny hills;

And down the river, 'gainst the pale blue sky,
A town sat in its smoke. Look backward now!
Distance has stilled three hundred thousand hearts,
Drowned the loud roar of commerce, changed the proud
Metropolis, which turns all things to gold,
To a thick vapor o'er which stands a staff
With smoky pennon streaming on the air.
Blotting the azure too, we floated on,
Leaving a long and weltering wake behind.
And now the grand and solitary hills
That never knew the toil and stress of man,
Dappled with sun and cloud, rose far away.
My heart stood up to greet the distant land
Within the hollows of whose mountains lochs
Moan in their restless sleep; around whose peaks,
And craggy islands ever dim with rain,
The lonely eagle flies. The ample stream
Widened into a sea. The boundless day
Was full of sunshine and divinest light,
And far above the region of the wind
The barred and rippled cirrus slept serene,
With combed and winnowed streaks of faintest cloud
Melting into the blue. A sudden veil
Of rain dimmed all; and when the shade drew off,
Before us, out toward the mighty sun,
The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of light.
The mountains from their solitary pines
Ran down in bleating pastures to the sea;
And round and round the yellow coasts I saw
Each curve and bend of the delightful shore
Hemmed with a line of villas white as foam.

Far off, the village smiled amid the light;
And on the level sands the merriest troops
Of children sported with the laughing waves,
The sunshine glancing on their naked limbs.
White cottages, half smothered in rose-blooms,
Peeped at us as we passed. We reached the pier.
Whence girls in fluttering dresses, shady hats,
Smiled rosy welcome. An impatient roar
Of hasty steam; from the broad paddles rushed
A flood of pale green foam, that hissed and freathed
Ere it subsided in the quiet sea.
With a glad foot I leapt upon the shore,
And as I went, the frank and lavish winds
Told me about the lilac's mass of bloom,
The slim laburnum showering golden tears,
The roses of the gardens where they played.

Alexander Smith.

SAILING UP THE FIRTH.

UPROSE the sun through opening clouds of gray,
And at his touch the misty hills unveiled,
And all gave promise of a glorious day
As up the Firth we sailed.

At every step he took, the upper clouds
Thinned into gauze; the wakening morn looked through
And soon, withdrawing e'en her gauzy shrouds,
Came forth in radiant blue.

A rippling breeze was with us, just enough
To turn the waters into crisping curls;

You could not say the Firth was calm or rough, —
It danced in crested pearls.

Along the rocky ribs of Galloway
A margin of white foam crept to and fro;
And up the steep cliffs rose the snowy spray,
Silent to us as snow.

Then into view swung Ailsa Craig's huge bulk,
And raised an old-world rapture in the blood;
Far off it loomed like some great stranded hulk,
Left there by Noah's flood.

As we approached, our paltry tongues were stilled,
The bold sky-pictured craig stood more defined;
We sailed within a presence now that filled,
And e'en distressed, the mind.

Round its sun-burnished peak the seabirds flew
In idle numbers, never to be told;
They wheeled and slid across the skyey blue,
Like sunbeam-specks of gold.

And still we strove the mighty rock to clasp,
"As one big grandeur," all unto the breast;
Its greatness only mocked our feeble grasp,
And on we sailed distressed.

Along our starboard lay the Carrick shore,
And Kyle, the classic, hid in warm white haze;
However hid, revealed forevermore
To the poetic gaze:

The bonnie Doon, and Cassilis Downan's green,
The "Twa Brigs," flyting almost side by side,
The ancient town of Ayr, and scene by scene
Of Tam O'Shanter's ride.

And on our left lay Arran, sharp and clear,
Its Holy Isle and hidden loch behind,
Within whose reaches ships for shelter steer,
When storms are in the wind.

But Goatfell, with the tattered Arran peaks,
Took all our eyes, piled up so sheer and high:
'T was Nature's easel, — this her freak of freaks,
Her canvas the blue sky.

A sudden cloud came o'er them, and anon
The Arran hills in dark-blue blackness lay;
Surely not all the Highlands can put on
So grim a scowl as they!

They were alive with passion; we beheld
Their knitting eyebrows and their gleaming eyes;
But soon their dark brows lifted, and they smiled
Grandly at our surprise.

Then, also on our left, the Isle of Bute;
So like to what a paradise should be,
That all declared the name would better suit
With an accented é.

There Kean, the tragic, built himself a cot
Beside its little lake, a sylvan scene,

And thought to cast in solitude his lot:
Alas for tragic Kean!

As well expect the lion to turn a hound,
The eagle to forget the soaring wing;
He came to Bute and solitude, but found
The play was still the thing.

Upon our right the Cumbraes, sister isles,
Were passed with small remark, though fairy splores,
And devil-builded dikes, and warlock wiles
Are rife about their shores.

Then landward Largs, with its old battle-field,
Where Alexander fought the invading Dane,
And made him the last hope of conquest yield,
Never to come again.

But all around us beauty infinite,
And history, and old tradition vied
Which should be minister of most delight,
And preached from side to side;

Till Greenock's noisy piers lay on our beam,
And luggage dragged us back to common earth,
And finger-pointing porters broke our dream
Of sailing up the Firth.

Robert Leighton.

THE VALE OF CLYDE.

ADMIRING nature's simple charms,
I left my humble home,
Awhile my country's peaceful plain
With pilgrim step to roam:
I marked the leafy summer wave
On flowing Irvine's side,
But richer far 's the robe she wears
Within the vale of Clyde.

I roamed the braes of bonnie Doon,
The winding banks of Ayr,
Where flutters many a small bird gay,
Blooms many a floweret fair;
But dearer far to me the stem
That once was Calder's pride,
And blossoms now, the fairest flower,
Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt! thou life-repressing north!
Ye withering east-winds too!
But come, thou all-reviving west,
Breathe soft thy genial dew;
Until at length, in peaceful age,
This lovely floweret shed
Its last green leaf upon my tomb,
Within the vale of Clyde.

John Struthers.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN.

LORD of the vale! astounding flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes, conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little, trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country love
To look on thee, delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And to the patriot-warrior's shade,
Lord of the vale! to heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night,
Sweeps visibly the Wallace wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A champion worthy of the stream,
Yon gray tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A form not doubtfully descried;—
Their transient mission o'er,
O, say to what blind region flee
These shapes of awful fantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
Heaven's instrument, for by his hand
That day the tyrant fell.

William Wordsworth.

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'T was with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far,
Extended like the array of hosts
In broad, embattled war!

His voice appalls the wilderness:
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn.

Thomas Campbell.

Coire Cheathaich.

COIRE CHEATHAICH;

OR, THE GLEN OF THE MIST.

MY beauteous corri! where cattle wander, —
My misty corri! my darling dell!
Mighty, verdant, and covered over
With wild-flowers tender of sweetest smell;
Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep,

The cannach blowing, the darnel growing,
While the deer troop passed to the misty steep.

Fine for wear is thy beauteous mantle,
Strongly woven and ever new,
With rough grass o'er it, and, brightly gleaming,
The grass all spangled with diamond dew;
It 's round my corri, my lovely corri,
Where rushes thicken and long reeds blow;
Fine were the harvest to any reaper
Who through the marsh and the bog could go.

Ah, that 's fine clothing! — a great robe stretching,
A grassy carpet most smooth and green,
Painted and fed by the rain from heaven
In hues the bravest that man has seen, —
'Twixt here and Paris I do not fancy
A finer raiment can ever be, —
May it grow forever! and, late and early,
May I be here on the knolls to see!

Around Ruadh-Arisidh what ringlets cluster!
Fair, long, and crested, and closely twined,
This way and that they are lightly waving
At every breath of the mountain wind.
The twisted hemlock, the slanted rye-grass,
The juicy moor-grass, can all be found;
And the close-set groundsel is greenly growing
By the wood where heroes are sleeping sound.

In yonder ruin once dwelt MacBhaidi,
'T is now a desert where winds are shrill;

Yet the well-shaped brown ox is feeding by it,
Among the stones that bestrew the hill.
How fine to see, both in light and gloaming,
The smooth Clach-Fionn, so still and deep,
And the houseless cattle and calves most peaceful,
Grouped on the brow of the lonely steep.

In every nook of the mountain pathway
The garlic-flower may be thickly found;
And out on the sunny slopes around it
Hang berries juicy, and red, and round;
The pennyroyal and dandelion,
The downy cannach, together lie, —
Thickly they grow from the base of the mountain
To the topmost crag of his crest so high.

And not a crag but is clad most richly,
For rich and silvern the soft moss clings;
Fine is the moss, most clean and stainless,
Hiding the look of unlovely things;
Down in the hollows beneath the summit,
Where the verdure is growing most rich and deep,
The little daisies are looking upward,
And the yellow primroses often peep.

* * * * *

And sweet it was, when the white sun glimmered,
Listening under the crag to stand,
And hear the moor-hen so hoarsely croaking,
And the red-cock murmuring close at hand;
While the little wren blew his tiny trumpet,
And threw his steam off blithe and strong,

While the speckled thrush and the redbreast gayly
Lilted together a pleasant song!

Not a singer but joined the chorus,
Not a bird in the leaves was still.
First the laverock, that famous singer,
Led the music with throat so shrill;
From tall tree branches the blackbird whistled,
And the gray-bird joined with his sweet "coo-coo";
Everywhere was the blithesome chorus,
Till the glen was murmuring through and through.

Then out of the shelter of every corri
Came forth the creature whose home is there:
First, proudly stepping, with branching antlers,
The snorting red-deer forsook his lair;
Through the sparkling fern he rushed rejoicing,
Or gently played by his heart's delight;
The hind of the mountain, the sweet brown princess,
So fine, so dainty, so staid, so slight!

Under the light green branches creeping
The brown doe cropt the leaves unseen,
While the proud buck gravely stared around him,
And stamped his feet on his couch of green;
Smooth and speckled, with soft pink nostrils,
With beauteous head, lay the tiny kid;
All apart in the dewy rushes,
Sleeping unseen in its nest, 't was hid.

My beauteous corri! my misty corri!
What light feet trod thee in joy and pride,

What strong hands gathered thy precious treasures,
What great hearts leaped on thy craggy side!
Soft and round was the nest they plundered,
Where the brindled bee his honey hath, —
The speckled bee that flies, softly humming,
From flower to flower of the lonely strath.

There thin-skinned, smooth, in clustering bunches,
With sweetest kernels as white as cream,
From branches green the sweet juice drawing,
The nuts were growing beside the stream —
And the stream went dancing merrily onward,
And the ripe, red rowan was on its brim,
And gently there, in the wind of morning,
The new-leaved sapling waved soft and slim.

And all around the lovely corri
The wild-birds sat on their nests so neat,
In deep, warm nooks and tufts of heather,
Sheltered by knolls from the wind and sleet;
And there from their beds, in the dew of the morning,
Uprose the doe and the stag of ten,
And the tall cliffs gleamed, and the morning reddened
The Coire Cheathaich, — the Misty Glen!

Duncan Macintyre.

Colinslee.

THE LASS O' COLINSLEE.

DOWN the dark brow o' Gleniffer
Gloamin's dusky shadows fa';
Wak'nin' stars noo faintly glimmer, —
Angel lichts o'er heaven's blue wa';
Fauldin' flowers their fragrance breathin',
Woodlan' birds wi' lingering glee
Seem to woo thee forth to wander,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Down yon glen, whaur jinks the burnie
Blithely roun' the hazel knowe,
Smiles a neuk whaur gems o' sweetness,
Simmer's brichtest treasures grow;
Crawflowers, daisies, violets mingle
'Neath the blushin' wild rose-tree, —
Emblems o' thy peerless beauty,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Through the sweet green birks o' Thornlie
Rustlin' zephyrs softly play;
Frae his leafy bower the mavis
Sings to rest the wearie day.
Saft as e'enin's dewy zephyrs,
Blithe as day's sweet lullaby,

Is thy witchin' voice o' gladness,
Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Let ambition seek for pleasure,
Scalin' glory's giddy steep;
Av'rice to his worshipped treasure,
Through the mire of meanness creep;
Purer joy his hame shall brichten,
Lowly though the bield may be,
On whom thy ee of love shall lichten,
Peerless flower o' Colinslee.

Hugh Macdonald.

Coquet Water.

COQUET WATER.

WHAN winter winds forget to blaw,
An' vernal suns revive pale nature,
A shepherd lad by chance I saw,
Feeding his flocks by Coquet Water.

Saft, saft he sung, in melting lays,
His Mary's charms an' matchless feature,
While echoes answered frae the braes
That skirt the banks of Coquet Water.

"O, were that bonnie lassie mine,"
Quoth he, "in love's saft wiles I 'd daut her;

An' deem mysel' as happy syne,
As landit laird on Coquet Water.

"Let wealthy rakes for pleasure roam,
In foreign lands their fortune fritter;
But love's pure joys be mine at home,
Wi' my dear lass on Coquet Water.

"Gi'e fine folks wealth, yet what care I,
Gi'e me her smiles whom I lo'e better;
Blest wi' her love an' life's calm joy,
Tending my flocks by Coquet Water.

"Flow fair an' clear, thou bonnie stream,
For on thy banks aft hae I met her;
Fair may the bonnie wild-flowers gleam,
That busk the banks of Coquet Water.

Andrew Scott.

BONNIE COQUET-SIDE.

O MARY, look how sweetly spring
Revives ilk opening flower:
Here in this brake, where lintwhites sing,
I 'll form a simmer bower,
Beneath whose shade, in sultry days,
We 'll see the burnies glide,
And sportive lambkins deck the braes,
On bonnie Coquet-side.

At morn, I 'll mark how melting shine
Thy een sae deeply blue;

Or, tempted thereby, press to mine
Thy lips o' rosy hue.
To breathe the halesome air, we 'll rove
Amang the hazels wide,
And rest betimes, to speak o' love,
By bonnie Coquet-side.

The wild-rose pure, that scents the gale,
Shall grace thy bosom fair;
The violet dark, and cowslip pale,
I 'll pu' to wreathe thy hair.
O'er shelving banks or wimpling streams
Thy gracefu' steps I 'll guide
To spots where nature loveliest seems
On bonnie Coquet-side.

And when we view ilk furzy dale
Where hang the dews o' morn,
Ilk winding, deep, romantic vale,
Ilk snaw-white blossomed thorn,
Frae every charm I 'll turn to thee,
And think my winsome bride
Mair sweet than aught that meets my ee
By bonnie Coquet-side.

Robert White.

Cornylee.

ANN O' CORNYLEE.

I 'LL twine a gowany garland
W' lilies frae the spring;
The fairest flowers by Clutha's side
In a' their bloom I 'll bring.
I 'll wreathe a flowery wreath to shade
My lassie's scornfu' ee;
For, O, I canna bide the frown
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed
My lowly cot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
Is a' my worldly gear;
A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
Is a' I ha'e to gi'e;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The linty 'mang the yellow broom,
The laverock in the lift,
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
O' hope and joy bereft;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
The ills I ha'e to dree,

John Crawford.

Corrie.

PHEMIE IRVING.

GAY is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood where
The small birds are bowering,
For there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing;
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
When she goes by the river;
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing;
No looks of love win they
With sighing and suing.
Far away maun I stand
With my rude wooing;
She 's a floweret too lovely
To bloom for my pu'ing.

O, were I yon violet
On which she is walking!
O, were I yon small bird
To which she is talking!
Or yon rose in her hand,
With its ripe, ruddy blossom,
Or some pure, gentle thought
To be blest with her bosom!

Allan Cunningham.

Cowdenknows.

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that played on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs and Leader side, —
O, how I blessed the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
Nor the bush aboon Traguair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowdenknows.

John Crawford.

Craig Elachie.

CRAIG ELACHIE.

BLUE are the hills above the Spey,
The rocks are red that line his way;
Green is the strath his waters lave,
And fresh the turf upon the grave
Where sleep my sire and sisters three,
Where none are left to mourn for me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The roofs that sheltered me and mine
Hold strangers of a Sassenach line;
Our hamlet thresholds ne'er can show
The friendly forms of long ago;
The rooks upon the old yew-tree
Would e'en have stranger notes to me:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

The cattle feeding on the hills,
We tended once o'er moors and rills,
Like us have gone; the silly sheep
Now fleck the brown sides of the steep,
And southern eyes their watchers be,
And Gael and Sassenach ne'er agree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the elders of our glen,
Wise arbiters for meaner men?

Where are the sportsmen, keen of eye,
Who tracked the roe against the sky;
The quick of hand, of spirit free?
Passed, like a harper's melody:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Where are the maidens of our vale,
Those fair, frank daughters of the Gael?
Changed are they all, and changed the wife,
Who dared for love the Indian's life;
The little child she bore to me
Sunk in the vast Atlantic sea:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Bare are the moors of broad Strathspey,
Shaggy the western forests gray;
Wild is the corri's autumn roar,
Wilder the floods of this far shore;
Dark are the crags of rushing Dee,
Darker the shades of Tennessee:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Great rock, by which the Grant hath sworn,
Since first amid the mountains born;
Great rock, whose sterile granite heart
Knows not, like us, misfortune's smart,
The river sporting at thy knee,
On thy stern brow no change can see:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Stand fast on thine own Scottish ground,
By Scottish mountains flanked around,

Though we, uprooted, cast away
From the warm bosom of Strathspey,
Flung pining by this western sea,
The exile's hopeless lot must dree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Yet strong as thou the Grant shall rise,
Cleft from his clansmen's sympathies;
In these grim wastes new homes we 'll rear,
New scenes shall wear old names so dear;
And while our axes fell the tree,
Resound old Scotia's minstrelsy:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Here can no treacherous chief betray
For sordid gain our new Strathspey;
No fearful king, no statesmen pale,
Wrench the strong claymore from the Gael.
With armed wrist and kilted knee,
No prairie Indian half so free:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Eliza A. H. Ogilvy.

Craigcrook Castle.

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

A HAPPY island in a sea of green,
Smiling it lies beneath the azure heaven,
Well pleased, and conscious that each wave and wind

Is tempered kindly or with blessing rich;
And all the quaint cloud-messengers that come
Voyaging the blue glory's summer sea
In barks of beauty, built o'er the powdery pearl,
Soft, shining, sumptuous, blown by languid breath,
Touch tenderly, or drop with ripeness down.
Spring builds her leafy nest for birds and flowers,
And folds it round luxuriant as the vine
Whose grapes are ripe with wine of merry cheer,
The Summer burns her richest incense there,
Swung from the censers of her thousand flowers;
Brown Autumn comes o'er seas of glorious gold;
And there old Winter keeps some greenth of heart,
When on his head the snows of age are white.

Mid glimpsing greenery at the hill-foot stands
The castle with its tiny town of towers:
A smiling martyr to the climbing strength
Of ivy that will crown the old bald head,
And roses that will mask him merry and young,
Like an old man with children round his knees.
With cups of color reeling roses rise
On walls and bushes, red and yellow and white;
A dance and dazzle of roses range all round.

The path runs down and peeps out in the lane
That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean,
Till the white-gleaming road winds city-ward.
Afar, in floods of sunshine blinding white,
The city lieth in its quiet pride,
With castled crown, looking on towns and shires,

And hills from which cloud-highlands climb the heavens:
A happy thing in glory smiles the Firth;
Its flowing azure winding like an arm
Around the warm waist of the yielding land.

Gerald Massey.

CRAIGCROOK ROSES.

CRAIGCROOK roses! ruby, golden,
Glowing gorgeous; faint with passion;
To the sweet flower-soul unfolden:
Wreathe me in the old Greek fashion.
Queen of sweetness, crowned with splendor,
Every rich round bud uncloses;
Yet so meek and womanly tender
Are you royal Craigcrook Roses,
Warm and winy Craigcrook Roses.

Leaning with some unknown yearning,
You would make a lover sin, you
Pretty wooers, archly turning
As you climb to make us win you.
Ripe perfection of fair fulness
In your gracious bloom reposes;
And an emerald bower for coolness
Summer builds my Craigcrook Roses,
Amorous-dreaming Craigcrook Roses.

When the year is old and hoary,
And the day is dark with dolors,

Still you come, my guests of glory,
In voluptuous dance of colors.
And, though Earth like Age is toiling
In the snowdrifts, perfumed posies
Kiss me, crown my spirit smiling
Down a dream of Craigcrook Roses,
Dear, delicious Craigcrook Roses.

Fairest 'mong Light's daughters seven,
With your dainty dreamy graces,
You might light with loving leaven
Smiles of spring in wintriest faces.
At the solemn shut of daylight
When the fair life-vision closes,
May my spirit float away light
On a cloud of Craigcrook Roses,
Cooled and crowned with Craigcrook Roses!

Gerald Massey.

Craigieburn.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;

But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

Robert Burns.

Craigie Hill.

THE LASS O' CRAIGIE HILL.

'T WAS at the hour of gloamin' fa',
The sun had rowed him to his rest,
Ae bonnie star, the star o' love,
Sat smiling in the dappled west,
The wind had left the sea's lone breast,
And 'mang the birk-tree leaves lay still,
When, sweeter than the wild thyme's breath,
I met the lass o' Craigie Hill.

A fragrant odor scarcely fanned
The water-lily's gentle brow,
Wi' laden wing it stole and leant
Upon the lamb amang the dew;

Nor woke the throstle as he slept,
And dreamed o' many a joyous trill,
Amang the lovely beechen groves
That shade the lass o' Craigie Hill.

The beauty of Elora's fane
Kissed by the ruby lips o' morn,
And haloed o'er wi' pearly gems,
The purest e'er from ocean borne,
May feast the soul o' pilgrim worn,
And make his raptured bosom thrill, —
A fairer sight now blessed my eyes,
The bonnie lass o' Craigie Hill.

She walked in gladness like the morn
Alang the dewy velvet green,
The brow o' night grew fair and bright,
Enamored wi' her bonnie een;
And on her peerless cheeks were seen
The hues that opening rosebuds fill,
When summer skies, in rainbow dyes,
Bend o'er the lass o' Craigie Hill.

That balmy eve, that lassie fair,
The looks o' love she gave to me,
Still glow within my bosom's core,
As diamonds in the deep, deep sea.
And till I lie on death's dark lea,
By elm-tree shade or mountain rill,
The pole star o' my heart shall be
The bonnie lass o' Craigie Hill.

James Macdonald.

Craigie Lea.

THE BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

THOU bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Near thee I passed life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's hand are strewed on thee.
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cooshat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They 'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O, in pity, let them be!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

When winter blaws in sleety showers
Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,

He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

Though Fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I 'll ever mind,
That I, in youth, ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea.

Robert Tannahill.

Cramond.

WRITTEN ON CRAMOND BEACH.

FAREWELL, old playmate! on thy sandy shore
My lingering feet will leave their print no more;
To thy loved side I never may return.
I pray thee, old companion, make due mourn
For the wild spirit who so oft has stood
Gazing in love and wonder on thy flood.
The form is now departing far away,
That half in anger, oft, and half in play,
Thou hast pursued with thy white showers of foam.
Thy waters daily will besiege the home
I loved among the rocks; but there will be
No laughing cry to hail thy victory,
Such as was wont to greet thee when I fled,
With hurried footsteps and averted head,

Like fallen monarch, from my venturous stand,
Chased by thy billows far along the sand.
And when at eventide thy warm waves drink
The amber clouds that in their bosom sink,
When sober twilight over thee has spread
Her purple pall, when the glad day is dead,
My voice no more will mingle with the dirge
That rose in mighty moaning from thy surge,
Filling with awful harmony the air,
When thy vast soul and mine were joined in prayer.

Frances Anne Kemble.

Crawfurdland.

FAREWELL TO CRAWFURDLAND.

THOU dark stream slow wending thy deep rocky way,
Ye gray towers that rise o'er the daffodil brae,
I 've viewed you with pleasure, but now must with pain —
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods where in life's gladsome morning I strayed,
When all was in sunshine and beauty arrayed;
That dream has departed, how fleeting and vain —
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

O'er moss and o'er moorland my path soon shall be,
The cloud-covered mountain and wide stormy sea,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain —
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

John Ramsay.

Cree, the River.

THE BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has tolled the hour,
O, what can stay my lovely maid?

'T is not Maria's whispering call,
'T is but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear! —
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 't is music and 't is love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O, welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

Robert Burns.

Crichton Castle.

CRICHTON CASTLE.

AT length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honor or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,

Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted notes, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired, below,
The courtyard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

Sir Walter Scott.

CRICHTON CHAPEL.

HOW like an image of repose it looks,
That ancient, holy, and sequestered pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle,
And on the gray spire caw the hermit rooks:
So absent is the stamp of modern days,
That in the quaint carved oak, and oriel stained
With saintly legend, to reflection's gaze
The star of Eld seems not yet to have waned.

At pensive eventide, when streams the west
On moss-greened pediment, and tombstone gray,
And spectral Silence pointeth to Decay,
How preacheth Wisdom to the conscious breast,
Saying, "Each foot that roameth here shall rest":
To God and Heaven Death is the only way!

David Macbeth Moir.

Crockston (Crookston, Cruxtoun).

THROUGH CROCKSTON CASTLE'S LANELY WA'S.

THROUGH Crockston Castle's lanely wa's
The wintry wind howls wild and dreary;
Though mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
Yet I ha'e vowed to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I 'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep,
That roars between me and my treasure.
Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave,
Wi' jealous spite, to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I 'd bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wanderer eerie;
But when the lonesome way is past,
I 'll to this bosom clasp my Mary!
Yes, Mary, though stern winter rave,
With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I 'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Robert Tannahill.

CROOKSTON CASTLE.

BY Crookston Castle waves the still green yew,
The first that met the royal Mary's view,
When, bright in charms, the youthful princess led
The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:
Embossed in silver, now its branches green
Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian queen.
But dark Langside, from Crookston viewed afar,
Still seems to range in pomp the rebel war;
Here, when the moon rides dimly through the sky,
The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly,
And one bright female form, with sword and crown,
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

John Wilson.

CRUXTOUN CASTLE.

THOU gray and antique tower,
Receive a wanderer of the lonely night,
Whose moodful sprite
Rejoices at this witching time to brood

Amid thy shattered strength's dim solitude!
It is a fear-fraught hour, —
A deathlike stillness reigns around,
Save the wood-skirted river's eerie sound,
And the faint rustling of the trees that shower
Their brown leaves on the stream,
Mournfully gleaming in the moon's pale beam:
O, I could dwell forever and forever
In such a place as this, with such a night!
When o'er thy waters and thy waving woods
The moonbeams sympathetically quiver,
And no ungentle thing on thee intrudes,
And every voice is dumb, and every object bright!

* * * * *

Relique of earlier days,
Yes, dear thou art to me!
And beauteous, marvellously,
The moonlight strays
Where banners glorious floated on thy walls —
Clipping their ivied honors with its thread
Of half-angelic light;
And though o'er thee Time's wasting dews have shed
Their all-consuming blight,
Maternal moonlight falls
On and around thee full of tenderness,
Yielding thy shattered frame pure love's divine caress.

* * * * *

Light feet have trod
The soft, green, flowering sod
That girdles thy baronial strength, and traced,
All gracefully, the labyrinthine dance;

Young hearts discoursed with many a passionate glance,
While rose and fell the Minstrel's thrilling strain
(Who, in this iron age, might sing in vain, —
His largesse coarse neglect, and mickle pain!)
Waste are thy chambers tenantless, which long
Echoed the notes of gleeful minstrelsie, —
Notes once the prelude to a tale of wrong,
Of royalty and love. Beneath yon tree,
Now bare and blasted, — so our annals tell, —
The martyr queen, ere that her fortunes knew
A darker shade than cast her favorite yew,
Loved Darnley passing well, —
Loved him with tender woman's generous love,
And bade farewell awhile to courtly state
And pageantry for yon o'ershadowing grove,
For the lone river's banks where small birds sing, —
Their little hearts with summer joys elate, —
Where tall broom blossoms, flowers profusely spring;
There he, the most exalted of the land,
Pressed, with the grace of youth, a sovereign's peerless hand.

* * * * *

William Motherwell.

Culloden.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their country and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.
Say, rush the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,

But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling — O Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Thomas Campbell.

LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild-flowers nor verdure fair;
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air.
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallowed footsteps bore;
Thy deeds unholy nature viewed,
Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beauly's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honor heave,
The volleying thunder there laid low;
Or scattered like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honors, brave Lochiel?
The braided plumes torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!

While wild birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often looked and cried, "Adieu!
I 'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot feel,
My dear, my injured native land,
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains gray,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they ruled and roamed at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their father's fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

John Grieve.

Culross.

THE OLD SEAPORT.

WHEN winds were wailing round me,
And Day, with closing eye,
Scowled from beneath the sullen clouds
Of pale November's sky,
In downcast meditation
All silently I stood,
Gazing the wintry ocean's
Rough, bleak, and barren flood.

A place more wild and lonely
Was nowhere to be seen;
The caverned sea-rocks beetled o'er
The billows rushing green;
There was no sound from aught around,
Save, mid the echoing caves,
The plashing and the dashing
Of the melancholy waves.

High, mid the lowering waste of sky,
The gray gulls flew in swarms;
And far beneath the surf upheaved
The sea-weed's tangly arms;
The face of Nature in a pall
Death-shrouded seemed to be,

As by St. Serf's lone tomb arose
The dirges of the sea.

In twilight's shadowy scowling,
Not far remote there lay
Thine old dim harbor, Culross,
Smoky and worn and gray;
Through far-back generations
Thy blackened piles had stood,
And, though the abodes of living men,
All looked like solitude.

Of hoar decrepitude all spake,
And ruin and decay;
Of fierce, wild times departed;
Of races passed away;
Of quaint, grim vessels beating up
Against the whelming breeze;
Of tempest-stricken mariners,
Far on the foamy seas.

It spake of swart gray-headed men,
Now dust within their graves,
Who sailed with Barton or with Spens,
To breast the trampling waves;
And how, in shallops picturesque,
Unawed they drifted forth,
Directed by the one bright star
That points the stormy North.

And how, when windows rattled,
And strong pines bowed to earth,

Pale wives, with trembling children mute,
Would cower beside the hearth, —
All sadly musing on the ships
That, buffeting the breeze,
Held but a fragile plank betwixt
The sailor and the seas.

How welcome their return to home!
What wondrous tales they told,
Of birds with rainbow plumage,
And trees with fruits of gold;
Of perils in the wilderness,
Beside the lion's den;
And huts beneath the giant palms,
Where dwelt the painted men!

Mid melancholy fancies
My spirit loved to stray,
Back through the mists of hooded Eld,
Lone wandering, far away;
When dim-eyed Superstition
Upraised her eldritch croon,
And witches held their orgies
Beneath the waning moon.

Yes! through Tradition's twilight,
To days had Fancy flown
When Canmore or when Kenneth dree'd
The Celt's uneasy crown;
When men were bearded savages,
An unenlightened horde,

Mid which gleamed Cunning's scapulaire,
And War's unshrinking sword.

And, in their rusty hauberks,
Thronged past the plaided bands; —
And slanting lay the Norsemen's keels
On ocean's dreary sands; —
And on the long flat moorlands,
The cairn, with lichens gray,
Marked where their souls shrieked forth in blood,
On Battle's iron day.

Between me and the sea loomed out
The ivied Abbey old,
In whose grim vaults the Bruces kneel
In marble quaint and cold;
And where, inurned, lies hid the heart
Of young Kinloss deplored,
Whose blood, by Belgium's Oster-Scheldt,
Stained Sackville's ruthless sword

Waned all these trancèd visions; —
But, on my eerie sight,
Remained the old dim seaport
Beneath the scowl of night;
The sea-mews for their island cliffs
Had left the homeless sky,
And only to the dirgeful blast
The wild seas made reply.

David Macbeth Moir.

Dalmeny.

DOUN FAIR DALMENY'S ROSY DELLS.

DOUN fair Dalmeny's rosy dells
Sweet Mary wandered, sad an' wae;
The sunlicht faded owre the lea,
An' cheerless fell the simmer day.
The warblin' mavis sang nae mair,
As aft she sighed, in heavy sorrow:
"O, lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"By yonder hoary castle wa',
Where murmurs deep the dark blue sea,
I wearied sair the langsome nicht,
Till tears bedimmed my sleepless ee.
The boat gaed down by Cramond's isle,—
O, weary fa' that nicht o' sorrow!
For lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"O foaming waves, that took my luve,—
My ain true-luve, beyond compare!
O, will I see his winsome form,
An' hear his dear lo'ed voice nae mair?"
Fu' deep the snaw-white surges moaned:
"O, sair 's the burden o' thy sorrow;
For lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

She wandered weary by the shore,
An' murmured aft his name sae dear;
Till owre Dalmeny's dewy dells
The silver moon shone sweet an' clear.
An' saft the tremblin' breezes sighed,
As far she strayed, in hopeless sorrow:
"O, lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld 's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

James Smith.

Dee, the River.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks' purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
For there first I gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he 's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, — for valiant is he;
And, ah! there 's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He 's gone, hapless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,

And left me to wander 'mongst those once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I 'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

John Tait.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
That rises o'er the banks of Dee,
And from her farthest summit poured
Her silver light o'er tower and tree,

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
And soft and low a voice she heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to see who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow ee.

"O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath the stormy sea;

The storm is past, and I 'm at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me."

Loud crew the cock; the vision fled;
No more young Sandy could she see;
But soft a parting whisper said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Anonymous.

Deloraine.

THE LASS OF DELORAINE.

STILL must my pipe lie idly by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I 'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'T was she inspired the simple strain, —
That lovely flower, so sweet and young,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow;
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe.
Her cheeks, endowed with powers at will,
The rose's richest shade to drain;

Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill!
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
And Lomond of her isles so green,
And Windermere her woodland shores,
Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene:
For there the evening twilight swells
With many a wild and melting strain;
And there the pride of beauty dwells, —
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her aye as good
And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa in the western main;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
And round her brow may honor twine,
And Heaven preserve that heart in peace,
Where meekness, love, and beauty join!
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

James Hogg.

Devon, the River.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew,
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay-gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Robert Burns.

SING ON, FAIRY DEVON.

SING on, fairy Devon,
'Mong gardens and bowers,
Where love's feast lies spread
In an Eden o' flowers.
What visions o' beauty
My mind has possessed,
In thy gowany dell
Where a seraph might rest.

Sing on, lovely river,
To hillock and tree
A lay o' the loves
O' my Jessie an' me;
For nae angel lightin',
A posie to pu',
Can match the fair form
O' the lassie I lo'e.

Sweet river, dear river,
Sing on in your glee,
In thy pure breast the mind
O' my Jessie I see.
How aft ha'e I wandered,
As gray gloamin' fell,
Rare dreamins o' heaven
My lassie to tell.

Sing on, lovely Devon,
The sang that ye sung

When earth in her beauty
Frae night's bosom sprung,
For lanesome and eerie
This warld aye would be
Did clouds ever fa'
Atween Jessie and me.

John Crawford.

Doon, the River.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

YE banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns.

Don, the River.

ADDRESS TO THE DON.

Don rises in Strathdon, and receives (besides other small rivers) Nochty, from Invernochty, Bucket, from Glenbucket, and Ury, from Inverurie, parishes. It falls into the sea at Old Aberdeen, where it has a fair bridge of one arch, built it is supposed about A. D. 1320, by King Robert Bruce, while this see was vacant by the flight of Bishop Cheyne, — the bridge of Balgownie, celebrated by Lord Byron's reminiscences.

DARK Don, thy water's rude repulsive scowl
And frothy margin all too well bespeak
The upland ravages, the conflict bleak
Of mountain winter; and the maddened howl
Of bruiting elements, distraught and foul,
Have ruffled thy fair course and choked thy braes.
Love flies affrightened at thy swollen look;
The laverock may not hear its own sweet lays
O'er thy fierce chafings, and the timid brook
Sinks tremblingly amid thy surfy maze,
Thou cold remembrancer of wilder human ways!

So soiled the social tide by some cursed deed
Of ancient ruffian or fool, so ages read
To weeping worlds of hearts that bled,
Of patriots and sages that have died
Ere that broad stream was half repurified.
Roll thy dark waters, Don, — we yet shall see
On thy bright bosom the fair symmetry
Of vaulted heaven, when the shrill lark pours

Voluptuous melody to listening flowers,
And all of man, of earth, and air shall feel
What hate and darkness hurteth love and light can heal!

* * * * *

William Thom.

Drumlee.

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

ERE eild wi' his blatters had warselled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft ha'e I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom!
How aft ha'e I sat i' the beild o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine of youth,
We see nae the blasts that destroy;
We count nae upon the fell waes that may come,
An eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw nae the fause face that fortune can wear,
Till forced from my country to flee;
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed, "Farewell
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!

"Fareweel, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,
Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;

Ye 'll bloom whan I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair niddered wi' sorrow an' care.
Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;
For never again shall the tear wet my cheek,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"
Sae I took my departure, an' sauntered awa',
Yet aften looked wistfu' behind.
O, sair is the heart of the mither to part
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I heftit 'mang strangers years thretty-an'-twa,
But naething could banish my care;
An' aften I sighed when I thought on the past,
Whare a' was sae pleasant an' fair.
But now, wae 's my heart! whan I 'm lyart an' auld,
An' fu' lint-white my haffet-locks flee,
I 'm hamewards returned wi' a remnant o' life,
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewildered, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear ance to me;
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there 's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld banes they will rest,
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Richard Gall.

Dryburgh Abbey.

AT THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THOU slumberest with the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peers and warriors bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Who sleep in sculptured aisle;
Where, stained with dust of buried years,
The rude sarcophagus appears
In mould imbedded deep;
And Scotia's skies with azure gleaming,
Are through the oriel windows streaming,
Where ivied masses creep;
And, touched with symmetry sublime,
The moss-clad towers that mock at time
Their mouldering legends keep.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Dumblane (Dunblane).

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Robert Tannahill.

Dunbar.

NEAR DUNBAR.

HERE Cromwell stood, that dark and frowning night,
Hemmed in upon this desperate tongue of land,
The sea behind, the sea on either hand,
And, fronting him, the foe on yonder height.
What chance for Cromwell in to-morrow's fight,
If thus the order of the battle stand!
He was but captain, the supreme command
He knew was His who, to the most lorn right,
Oft gives mysterious victory. And so,
Armed with this faith, of fear he never dreamed.
For ever with that man a Power there seemed,
That conquered first the judgment of his foe,
Then gave an easy field. So would it be
With all who owned as deep a trust as he.

Robert Leighton.

Dundee.

THE BIRKIE OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

YE fair lands of Angus and bonnie Dundee,
How dear are your echoes, your memories to me!
At gatherings and meetings in a' the braw toons,
I danced wi' the lasses and distanced the loons;
Syne bantered them gayly, and bade the young men

Be mair on their mettle when I cam' again.
They jeered me, they cheered me, and cried ane and a',
"He 's no an ill fellow that, now he 's awa."

When puir beggar bodies cam' making their mane,
I spak' them aye cheery, for siller I 'd nane;
They shook up their duddies, and muttered, "Wae 's me
Sae lightsome a laddie no worth a bawbee!"
I played wi' the bairnies at bowls and at ba',
And left them a' greetin when I cam' awa;
Ay! mithers, and bairnies, and lasses and a',
Were a' sobbin loudly when I cam' awa.

I feigned a gay laugh, just to keep in the greet,
For ae bonnie lassie, sae douce and sae sweet,
How matchless the blink of her deep loving ee,
How soft fell its shade as it glanced upon me.
I flung her a wild rose sae fresh and sae fair,
And bade it bloom on in the bright summer there;
While breathing its fragrance, she aiblins may gi'e
A thought to the Birkie of bonnie Dundee.

Clementina Stirling Graham.

Duniquoich.

THE WATCH-TOWER OF DUNIQUOICH.

FAIR hill that sittest crowned serene
Above thy thickset beechen bower,
What sights from out that crest of green,

That rugged steep, that ruined tower,
In the old time hast thou not seen?

The long blue loch in summer pride
Now breaks its wave against the quay,
And whitens round the peaceful side
Of yawl and yacht, and bears to sea
The steam-ships against wind and tide.

But thou hast seen the foray planned,
And moonlight upon dirk and shield
In curvéd galleys grimly manned,
And heard the shrill-voiced mountains yield
The war-note from the farther strand.

Around thy base the fertile leas
On Airey's banks are thick with kine,
Secure beneath the stately trees
In avenue and arch and line
Whose voice is but the voice of bees.

And there the clans for battle dight
Held wassail deep, and raised the cry
When those upon thy sentried height
Proclaimed the plaided foemen nigh,
And flashed thy beacon through the night.

Adown Ben Büi's clefts they come,
Friends to the Stuart and red Montrose,
Their slogan mute, their pibroch dumb;
Glen Shirer gives its thickets close,
And all the snow-crowned heights are numb

That, peak by peak, would each be lord
Around the Dhuloch's icy marge:
In vain; for thanks to thee the ford
Is banked by many a gleaming targe;—
The Campbells waiting with the sword!

James Payn.

Dunmore.

THE MAID OF DUNMORE.

A CAPTIVE maid pined in the tower of Dunmore.
Full high was its gate, closely barred was the door.
Her sighs unregarded, her prison unknown,
Far from kinsmen and lover she languished alone.
But a little bird sang at this fair captive's grate,
And seemed, as it chirruped, to soften her fate.
Ah! Flora, fair Flora,—ah! Flora Macdonald!
Ah! Flora, the maid of Dunmore,—
The maid of Dunmore, the maid of Dunmore,
Ah! weep for the maid, the maid of Dunmore!

The maid tied a note to this little bird's neck,
And pointed to home, like a far distant speck.
O'er land and o'er water away the bird flew,
Sought kinsman and lover;—the courier they knew;
But soon a brave knight burst the prison-house door,
And rescued his bride from the tower of Dunmore.
Ah! Flora, fair Flora,—ah! Flora Macdonald!
Ah! Flora, the maid of Dunmore,—
The maid of Dunmore, the maid of Dunmore,
Ah! joy to the maid, the maid of Dunmore!

Anonymous

DUNMORE.

I LIE, in vision, on thy top, Dunmore, —
Dearest to me of all old Scotland's hills, —
And see not the well-known delicious view,
The little village with its peaceful spire,
The rivers three, piercing the plain and woods,
To meet and marry at yon simple bridge;
Abruchill Castle, like a silver spot
Spilt by the sun among the night-like hills,
And, shining there in light unquenchable,
The gorge of terror where a fiend inclosed
In "hell of waters" howls forevermore,
Amid thick woods and torture-riven chasms;
Glenlednick's deep and solitary glen
Returning ever a wild torrent's voice,
Protesting 'gainst the Caldron's agony,
To which resistlessly 't is hurried on;
The long-loved vale through which Kilmeny went
Alone, through flowery heath and feathered birch,
To meet the visions of celestial day.
Loch Earn seen scarcely at the utmost edge,
Like a blue breach amidst the clouds of eve,
And over it, at twilight, huge Benmore,
A purple pillar propping the red sky.

George Gilfillan.

Dunolly Castle.

EAGLES.

DISHONORED rock and ruin! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the bird of Jove embarred
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved eyrie's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this prisoner once; and when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he in spirit resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

William Wordsworth.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

THE captive bird was gone; — to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
Him found we not; but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,

An eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye, —
An eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy of the vanished, (shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in, take, whate'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

William Wordsworth.

Dunoon.

DUNOON.

SEE the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp
From a beam of the rising moon,
On the heathy shore at evening fall,
'Twixt Holy-Loch and dark Dunoon;
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad moorland flower,
Invites my wandering footsteps there,
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way;

All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty gray.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
And the night breeze sweeps the hill,
It 's sweet, on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.
Eliza! with thee, in this solitude,
Life's cares would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,
At the wake of early day.

Thomas Lyle.

Dunsinane Castle.

DUNSINANE.

MACBETH. Hang out our banners! on the outward walls
The cry is still, *They come!* — Our Castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not 'forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. — What is that noise?

A cry within, of women.

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have quail'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. —

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I saw, but know not how to do it.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar and slave!

MESS. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam-wood*
Do come to Dunsinane; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum-bell; blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

William Shakespeare.

Dunstaffnage Castle.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

BROKEN Dunstaffnage by the western sea,
Thou art as dark as any old misdeed
Committed in thy lonely towers could be!
Thou 'rt like a life too gloomy to succeed,
That preys upon itself and dies of need.
Yet thou wert born in History's early dawn,
Of warlike race and brood, a stately thing
Created strong and fearless to adorn
The vales that wooed thee for thy sheltering.
To-day what valley of them all takes heed

Of thee? They smile and dance beneath the corn —
E'en the great ocean flaunts thee with its scorn!
Now hath a new-born babe more power than thou,
For it hath life, — thine perished long ago.
And yet, Dunstaffnage, I should do thee wrong,
Thou, who hast held great Scotland in amaze,
To image piteous these later days
And leave thy glorious memories unsung!
Within thee when the Christian world was young,
Twelve centuries ago, fame's minstrels sang,
Whispered thy name and victory's bugles rang!
Great kings anointed here with blast of song,
With trumpets blowing and with clash of spears
Knelt to the patriarch of their royal years,
The holy stone,[1] that Scone deprived thee of
When first men ceased to fear thee and to love!
Thou great Dunstaffnage, though we cannot save
Thy life, we may at least revere thy grave!

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Earlsburn, the River.

SWEET EARLSBURN, BLITHE EARLSBURN.

SWEET Earlsburn, blithe Earlsburn,
Mine own, my native stream,
My heart grows young again, while thus

1 Coronation-stone of the Kings of Scotland, taken from Iona to Dunstaffnage, thence to Scone, and last to Westminster Abbey, where it has been for six hundred years.

On thy green banks I dream.
Yes, dream! in sooth I can no more,
For as thy murmurs roll,
They wake the ancient melodies
That stirred my infant soul.

I 've told thee, one by one, the thoughts;
Strange shapeless forms were they,
That hung around me fearfully
In childhood's dreamy day;
And still thy mystic music spake
Dimly articulate,
Yielding meet answer to the dreams
That shadowed forth my fate.

I 've wept by thee a sorrowing child;
I 've sported, mad with glee,
And still thou wert the only one
That seemed to care for me;
For in whatever mood I came
To wander by thy brim,
Thy murmurs were most musical,
Soul-soothing as a hymn.

I 've wandered far in other lands,
And mixed with stranger men,
But still my heart untravelled sought
Repose within thy glen.
The pictures of my memory
Were fresh as they were limned,
Nor change of scene nor lapse of years
Their lustre ever dimmed.

William Motherwell.

Earn, the River.

TO THE RIVER EARN.

THOU, mountain stream, whose early torrent course
Hath many a drear and distant region seen,
Windest thy downward way with slackened force,
As with the journey thou hadst wearied been;
And, all enamored of these margins green,
Delight'st to wander with a sportive tide;
Seeming with refluent current still to glide
Around the hazel banks that o'er thee lean.
Like thee, wild stream! my wearied soul would roam
(Forgetful of life's dark and troublous hour),
Through scenes where Fancy frames her fairy bower,
And Love, enchanted, builds his cottage-home:
But time and tide wait not, and I, like thee,
Must go where tempests rage, and wrecks bestrew the sea!

Thomas Pringle.

Edinburgh.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!

From marking wildly scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honored shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labor plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail,
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar.
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home.
Alas, how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild wandering roam,
Though rigid law cries out, 'T was just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!

From marking wildly scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honored shade.

Robert Burns.

EDINBURGH.

NOT here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripped of forest bowers.
True, Caledonia's queen is changed,
Since, on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrisoned she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone, — but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how altered now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitt'st, like empress at her sport,

And, liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
For thy dark cloud with umbered lower,
That hung o'er cliff and lake and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

* * * * *

So thou, fair city! disarrayed
Of battled wall and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, queen of the north!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp or pinnacle.
And if it come, as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,
Renowned for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care

Descending angels deigned to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for the good town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

Sir Walter Scott.

A SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

ON Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there 's an unco dearth o' grace
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad,
If good frae virtue 's to be had?
Na! rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.

Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While danderin' cits delight to stray
To Castlehill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the livelang day.

Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days forever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,

And gie 's our dignity again!
For, O, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

Robert Fergusson.

EDINBURGH.

EDINA, high in heaven wan,
Towered, templed, Metropolitan,
Waited upon by hills,
River, and wide-spread ocean, — tinged
By April light, or draped and fringed
As April vapor wills,
Thou hangest, like a Cyclop's dream,
High in the shifting weather-gleam.

Fair art thou when above thy head
The mistless firmament is spread;
But when the twilight's screen
Draws glimmering round thy towers and spires,
And thy lone bridge, uncrowned by fires,
Hangs in the dim ravine,
Thou art a very Persian tale, —
Or Mirza's vision, Bagdad's vale!

The spring-time stains with emerald
Thy castle's precipices bald;
Within thy streets and squares
The sudden summer camps, and blows

The plenteous chariot-shaken rose;
Or, lifting unawares
My eyes from out thy central strife,
Lo, far off, harvest-brazen Fife!

When, raindrops gemming tree and plant,
The rainbow is thy visitant,
Lovely as on the moors;
When sunset flecks with loving ray
Thy wilderness of gables gray,
And hoary embrasures;
When great Sir Walter's moon-blanched shrine,
Rich carved, as Melrose, gleams divine,

I know thee; and I know thee, too,
On winter nights, when 'gainst the blue
Thy high, gloom-wildered ridge
Breaks in a thousand splendors; lamps
Gleam broadly in the valley damps;
Thy air-suspended bridge
Shines steadfast; and the modern street
Looks on, star-fretted, loud with feet.

* * * * *

Fair art thou, City, to the eye,
But fairer to the memory:
There is no place that breeds —
Not Venice 'neath her mellow moons,
When the sea-pulse of full lagoons
Waves all her palace weeds —
Such wistful thoughts of far away,
Of the eternal yesterday.

Within thy high-piled Canongate
The air is of another date;
All speaks of ancient time:
Traces of gardens, dials, wells,
Thy dizzy gables, oyster-shells
Imbedded in the lime, —
Thy shields above the doors of peers
Are old as Mary Stuart's tears.

Street haunted by the step of Knox;
Darnley's long, heavy-scented locks;
Ruthven's blood-freezing stare:
Dark Murray, dreaming of the crown, —
His ride through fair Linlithgow town,
And the man waiting there
With loaded fuse, undreamed of, — wiles
Of Mary, and her mermaid smiles!

Thou saw'st Montrose's passing face
Shame-strike the gloating silk and lace,
And jeering plumes that filled
The balcony o'erhead; with pride
Thou saw'st Prince Charles bareheaded ride,
While bagpipes round him shrilled,
And far Culloden's smoky racks
Hid scaffold craped, and bloody axe.

What wine hast thou known brawl-bespilt!
What daggers ruddy to the hilt!
What stately minuets
Walked slowly o'er thy oaken floors!

What hasty kisses at thy doors!
What banquetings and bets!
What talk, o'er man that lives and errs,
Of doubled-chinned philosophers!

Great City, every morning I
See thy wild fringes in the sky,
Soft-blurred with smoky grace;
Each evening note the blazing sun
Flush luridly thy vapors dun, —
A spire athwart his face;
Each night I watch thy wondrous feast,
Like some far city of the East.

But most I love thee faint and fair,
Dim-pencilled in the April air,
When in the dewy bush
I hear from budded thicks remote
The rapture of the blackbird's throat,
The sweet note of the thrush;
And all is shadowless and clear
In the uncolored atmosphere.

* * * * *

Alexander Smith.

EDINBURGH.

TRACED like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities;

There ocean, with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat; and gleaming through
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen,
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters.

David Macbeth Moir.

WRITTEN IN EDINBURGH.

EVEN thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised, — with vicinage,
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding nature's majesty,
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

EDINBURGH.

INSTALLED on hills, her head near starry bowers,
Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
Justice defends her heart; Religion east
With temples, Mars with towers doth guard the west;
Fresh nymphs and Ceres serving, wait upon her,
And Thetis tributary doth her honor.
The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beats,
Whilst she but scorns her vassal water's threats.
For sceptres nowhere stands a town more fit,
Nor place where town world's queen may fairer sit.
But this thy praise is, above all, most brave,
No man did e'er defame thee but a slave.

William Drummond.

HOLYROOD.

OLD Holyrood! Edina's pride,
When erst, in regal state arrayed,
The mitred abbots told their beads,
And chanted 'neath thy hallowed shade,

And nobles, in thy palace courts,
Revel and dance and pageant led,
And trump to tilt and tourney called,
And royal hands the banquet spread;

A lingering beauty still is thine,
Though age on age has o'er thee rolled,

Since good King David reared thy walls,
With turrets proud and tracery bold.

And still the Norman's pointed arch
Its interlacing blends sublime
With Gothic columns' clustered strength,
Where foliage starts and roses climb.

High o'er thy head rude Arthur's Seat
And Salisbury Crag in ledges rise,
Where love the hurtling winds to shriek
Wild chorus to the wintry skies.

Thy roofless chapel, stained with years,
And paved with tombstones damp and low,
Yon gloomy vault, whose grated doors
The bones of prince and chieftain show

Unburied, while from pictured hall,
In armor decked, or antique crown,
A strange interminable line
Of Scotia's kings looks grimly down.

* * * * *

But most, of Scotia's fairest flower,
Old Holyrood with mournful grace
Doth every withered petal hoard,
And dwell on each recorded trace.

I 've stood upon the castled height,
Where green Carlisle its turrets rears,
And mused on Mary's grated cell,
Her smitten hopes, her captive tears,

When from Lochleven's dreary fosse,
From Langside's transient gleam of bliss,
She threw herself on queenly faith,
On kindred blood, — for this! for this!

I 've marked along the stagnant moat
Her stinted walk mid soldiers grim,
Or, listening, caught the burst of woe
That mingled with her vesper-hymn;

Or 'neath the shades of Fotheringay
In vision seen the faded eye,
The step subdued, the prayer devout,
The sentenced victim led to die.

But simpler relics, fond and few,
That in this palace-chamber lie,
Of woman's lot and woman's care,
Touch tenderer chords of sympathy, —

The arras, with its storied lore,
By her own busy needle wrought;
The couch, where oft her throbbing brow
For sweet oblivion vainly sought;

The basket, once with infant robes
So rich, her own serene employ,
While o'er each lovely feature glowed
A mother's yet untasted joy;

The candelabra's fretted shaft,
Beside whose flickering midnight flame

In sad communion still she bent
With genial France, from whence it came;

Those sunny skies, those hearts refined,
The wreaths that Love around her threw,
The homage of a kneeling realm,
The misery of her last adieu!

* * * * *

Yon secret stairs, yon closet nook,
The swords that through the arras gleam,
Rude Darnley's ill-dissembled joy,
Lost Rizzio's shrill, despairing scream,

The chapel decked for marriage rite,
The royal bride, with flushing cheek,
Triumphant Bothwell's hateful glance, —
Alas! alas! what words they speak!

* * * * *

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE MARTYRS' HILL.

THERE 's nae Covenant now, lassie!
There 's nae Covenant now!
The Solemn League and Covenant
Are a' broken through!
There 's nae Renwick now, lassie,
There 's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyrs' Hill!

It 's naething but a sword, lassie,
A bluidy, bluidy ane!
Waving owre poor Scotland,
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland 's a' wrang, lassie,
Scotland 's a' wrang, —
It 's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill 's forsaken
In simmer's dusk sae calm;
There 's nae gathering now, lassie,
To sing the e'ening psalm!
But the martyrs' grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn;
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern!

Robert Allan.

WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,

And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw naught
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw naught,
Above or around;
We felt that our luve lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof, —
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw 's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

You 've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye 'll get biggings and mailins,
And mony braw claes;

But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and forever,
My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come, —
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

William Motherwell.

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

SWEETLY shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,
And mak's her look young and cheerie;
Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,
There 's naught in the world to fear ye;
For I ha'e asked your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

O, the sun winna blink in thy bonnie blue een,
Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie;
For I 'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green
By the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

But, Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
At your form in the water so clearly,

Or the fairy will change you into a wee, wee flower,
And you 'll grow by the Wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen as I wandered there a' alane,
I felt unco douf and drearie,
For wanting my Mary, a' around me was but pain
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
Let fate look gruesome and eerie;
True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
When we meet by the Wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonnie Mary Grieve,
Nae danger will daur to come near ye;
For I ha'e asked your minnie, and she has gi'en ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

Alexander A. Ritchie.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

O, WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leaned my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bowed, and syne it brak',
Sae my true-love did lightly me.

O, waly, waly, but love is bonny,
A little time while it is new,

But when 't is auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O, wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be filed by me,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love 's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death! when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blowing snows inclemency;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed
That love had been so ill to win,
I 'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.
And, O, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
Wi' the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous.

THE HIGH STREET.

THERE 'midst the crowd the jingling hoop is driven,
Full many a leg is hit and curse is given.
There on the pavement mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed, but never balked.
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There in the dirty current of the strand
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!

Sir Alexander Boswell.

Ednam.

THOMSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

"IS Ednam, then, so near us? I must gaze
On Thomson's cradle-spot, — as sweet a bard
(Theocritus and Maro blent in one)
As ever graced the name, — and on the scenes
That first to poesy awoke his soul,
In hours of holiday, when boyhood's glance
Invested nature with an added charm."
So saying to myself, with eager steps,
Down through the avenues of Sydenham

(Green Sydenham, to me forever dear,
As birth-house of the being with whose fate
Mine own is sweetly mingled, — even with thine,
My wife, my children's mother), on I strayed
In a perplexity of pleasing thoughts,
Amid the perfume of blown eglantine,
And hedgerow wild-flowers, memory conjuring up
In many a sweet, bright, fragmentary snatch,
The truthful, soul-subduing lays of him
Whose fame is with his country's being blent,
And cannot die; until at length I gained
A vista from the road, between the stems
Of two broad sycamores, whose filial boughs
Above in green communion intertwined;
And lo! at once in view, nor far remote,
The downward country, like a map unfurled,
Before me lay, — green pastures, forests dark, —
And, in its simple quietude revealed,
Ednam, no more a visionary scene.

A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty, — of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

* * * * *

David Macbeth Moir.

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between;

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows,—

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

Robert Burns.

Ercildoune.

THE TOWER OF ERCILDOUNE.

THERE is a stillness on the night;
Glimmers the ghastly moonshine white
On Learmonth's woods and Leader's streams,
Till Earth looks like a land of dreams:
Up in the arch of heaven afar,
Receded looks each little star,
And meteor flashes faintly play
By fits along the Milky Way.
Upon me in this eerie hush,
A thousand wild emotions rush,
As, gazing spellbound o'er the scene,
Beside thy haunted walls I lean,
Gray Ercildoune, and feel the Past
His charméd mantle o'er me cast;
Visions, and thoughts unknown to Day,
Bear o'er the fancy wizard sway,
And call up the traditions told
Of him who sojourned here of old.

What stirs within thee? 'T is the owl
Nursing amid thy chambers foul
Her impish brood; the nettles rank
Are seeding on thy wild-flower bank;
The hemlock and the dock declare
In rankness dark their mastery there;

And all around thee speaks the sway
Of desolation and decay.
In outlines dark the shadows fall
Of each grotesque and crumbling wall.
Extinguished long hath been the strife
Within thy courts of human life.
The rustic, with averted eye,
At fall of evening hurries by,
And lists to hear, and thinks he hears,
Strange sounds, — the offspring of his fears;
And wave of bough, and waters' gleam,
Not what they are, but what they seem
To be, are by the mind believed,
Which seeks not to be undeceived.
Thou scowlest like a spectre vast
Of silent generations past,
And all about thee wears a gloom
Of something sterner than the tomb.
For thee, 't is said, dire forms molest,
That cannot die, or will not rest.

Backward my spirit to the sway
Of shadowy Eld is led away,
When underneath thine ample dome
Thomas the Rhymer made his home,
The wondrous poet-seer, whose name,
Still floating on the breath of fame,
Hath overpast five hundred years,
Yet fresh as yesterday appears,
With spells to arm the winter's tale,
And make the listener's cheek grow pale.

Secluded here in chamber lone,
Often the light of genius shone
Upon his pictured page, which told
Of Tristrem brave, and fair Isolde,
And how their faith was sorely tried,
And how they would not change, but died
Together, and the fatal stroke
Which stilled one heart, the other broke;
And here, on midnight couch reclined,
Hearkened his gifted ear the wind
Of dark Futurity, as on
Through shadowy ages swept the tone,
A mystic voice, whose murmurs told
The acts of eras yet unrolled;
While Leader sang a low wild tune,
And redly set the waning moon,
Amid the West's pavilion grim,
O'er Soltra's mountains vast and dim.

His mantle dark, his bosom bare,
His floating eyes and flowing hair,
Methinks the visioned bard I see
Beneath the mystic Eildon Tree,
Piercing the mazy depths of Time,
And weaving thence prophetic rhyme;
Beings around him that had birth
Neither in heaven nor yet on earth;
And at his feet the broken law
Of Nature, through whose chinks he saw.

* * * * *

David Macbeth Moir.

Esk, the River.

THE ESK.

THROUGH the deep glen of Roslin — where arise
Proud castle and chapelle of high St. Clair,
And Scotland's prowess speaking — we had traced
The mazy Esk by caverned Hawthornden,
Perched like an eagle's nest upon the cliffs,
And eloquent for aye with Drummond's song;
Through Melville's flowery glades; and down the park
Of fair Dalkeith, scaring the antlered deer,
'Neath the huge oaks of Morton and of Monk,
Whispering, as stir their boughs the midnight winds.
These left behind, with purpling evening, now
We stood beside St. Michael's holy fane,
With its nine centuries of gravestones girt;
And from the slopes of Inveresk gazed down
Upon the Firth of Forth, whose waveless tide
Glowed like a plain of fire. In majesty,
O'ercanopied with many-vestured clouds,
The mighty sun, low in the farthest west,
With orb dilated, o'er the Grampian chain,
Mountain up-piled on mountain, huge and blue,
Was shedding his last rays adown the shores
Of Fife, with all its towns and woods and fields,
And bathing Ben-Ean and Ben-Ledi's peaks
In hues of amethyst. Ray after ray,
From the twin Lomond's conic heights declined,

And died away the glory; and at length,
As sank the last, low horizontal beams,
And Twilight drew her azure curtains round,
From out the south twinkled the evening star.

David Macbeth Moir.

SONNETS

ON THE SCENERY OF THE ESK.

I.

A MOUNTAIN child, mid Pentland's solitudes,
Thou risest, murmuring Esk, and, lapsing on,
Between rude banks, o'er rock and mossy stone,
Glitterest remote, where seldom step intrudes;
Nor unrenowned, as, with an ampler tide,
Thou windest through the glens of Woodhouselee,
Where mid the song of bird, the hum of bee,
With soft Arcadian pictures clothed thy side
The pastoral Ramsay. Lofty woods embower
Thy rocky bed mid Roslin's crannies deep,
While proud on high time-hallowed ruins peep
Of castle and chapelle; yea, to this hour
Gray Hawthornden smiles downward from its steep,
To tell of Drummond's poesy's spring flower.

II.

Not lovelier to the bard's enamored gaze,
Winded Italian Mincio o'er its bed,
By whispering reeds o'erhung, when calmly led

To meditate what rural life displays;
Trees statelier do not canopy with gloom
The brooks of Valombrosa; nor do flowers,
Beneath Ausonia's sky that seldom lowers,
Empurple deep-dyed Brenta's banks with bloom
Fairer than thine at sweet Lasswade: so bright
Thou gleam'st, a mirror for the cooing dove,
That sidelong eyes its purpling form with love
Well pleased; mid blossomy brakes, with bosom light,
All day the linnet carols; and from grove
The blackbird sings to thee at fall of night.

III.

Down from the old oak forests of Dalkeith,
Where majesty surrounds a ducal home,
Between fresh pastures gleaming thou dost come,
Bush, scaur, and rock, and hazelly shaw beneath,
Till, greeting thee from slopes of orchard ground,
Towers Inveresk with its proud villas fair,
Scotland's Montpelier, for salubrious air
And beauteous prospect wide and far renowned.
What else could be, since thou with winding tide
Below dost ripple pleasantly, thy green
And osiered banks outspread, where, frequent seen,
The browsing heifer shows her dappled side,
And mid the bloom-bright furze are oft descried
Anglers, that patient o'er thy mirror lean?

IV.

Delightful 't is, and soothing sweet, at eve,
When sunlight like a dream hath passed away
O'er Pentland's far-off peaks, and shades of gray
Around the landscape enviously weave,
To saunter o'er this high walk canopied
With scented hawthorn, while the trellised bowers
Are rich with rose and honeysuckle flowers,
And gaze o'er plains and woods outstretching wide
Till bounded by the Morphoot's heights of blue,
That range along the low southwest afar;
And thee, translucent Esk, with face of blue;
While, as enamored, evening's first fair star
Looks on thy pool its loveliness to view.

V.

A beech-tree o'er the mill-stream spreads its boughs,
In many an eddy whirls the wave beneath;
From Stony-bank the west-wind's perfumed breath
Sighs past, — 't is summer's gentle evening close;
Smooth Esk, above thy tide the midges weave,
Mixing and meeting oft, their fairy dance;
While o'er the crown of Arthur's Seat a glance
Of crimson plays, — the sunshine's glorious leave;
Except the blackbird from the dim Shire Wood,
All else is still. So passes human life
From us away, — a dream within a dream:
Ah! where are they, who with me, by this stream,

Roamed ere this world was known as one of strife?
Comes not an answer from the solitude!

VI.

Leaning upon the time-worn parapet
Of this old Roman bridge, that to the bay
Of Forth hath seen thee, Esk, gliding away
From age to age, and spans thee gliding yet, —
Before me I behold thy sea-most town,
Yclept in Saxon Chronicles Eske-mouthe, —
Its venerable roofs, its spire uncouth,
And Pinkie's field of sorrowful renown.
Scenes of my childhood, manhood, and decline, —
Scenes that my sorrows and my joys have known,
Ye saw my birth, and be my dust your own,
When, as these waters mingle with the sea,
To look upon the light no more is mine,
And time is swallowed in eternity!

David Macbeth Moir.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

On receiving the submission of the civic authorities, and the surrender of the castle, Prince Charles Edward entered Carlisle on Monday the 18th November, 1745, preceded by one hundred pipers. So far the poetess has sung truly. But she is historically at fault with reference to the "two thousand." So many Highlanders of the Chevalier's army did indeed wade across the Esk, but it was in flight, not in triumph. They waded the Esk on their return to Scotland from an expedition which boded disaster.

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
We 'll up, and we 'll gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
It is ower the border, awa', awa',
It is ower the border, awa', awa',
O, we 'll on, an' we 'll march to Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castel, an' a', an' a'.

O, our brave sodger lads looked braw, an' braw,
Wi' their tartans, their kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' bannets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,
An' pibrochs soundin' sae sweet an' clear.
Will they a' come hame to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our brave Hieland men?
O, second-sichted Sandie looked fu' wae,
An' mithers grat sair whan they marched away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

O, wha is the foremaist o' a', o' a'?
Wha is it first follows the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', us a',
Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
His bannet and feather, he 's waving high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw up an unco flare!
Wi' his hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch sound.
Dumfoundered the English were a', were a',

Dumfoundered they a' heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfoundered they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Ettrick Forest.

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN.

ON Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'T is blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenchéd mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where gray-haired shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'T is blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'T is blithe along the midnight tide
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;

On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, armed with fiery spears.

'T is blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alywn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel;
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine, —
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair.

Sir Walter Scott.

Ettrick, the River.

THE PALMER.

"O, OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I 'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea, —
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barred,
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want
That 's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;

But oft, amid December's storm,
He 'll hear that voice again;

For lo, when through the vapors dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer weltered there.

Sir Walter Scott.

ETTRICK.

O MURMURING waters!
Have ye no message for me?
Ye come from the hills of the west,
Where his step wanders free.
Did he not whisper my name?
Did he not utter one word,
And trust that its sound o'er the rush
Of thy streams might be heard?

O murmuring waters!
The sounds of the moorlands I hear,
The scream of the heron and the eagle,
The bell of the deer;
The rustling of heather and fern,
The shiver of grass on the lea,
The sigh of the wind from the hill,
Hast thou no voice for me?

O murmuring waters!
Flow on,—ye have no voice for me;

Bear the wild songs of the hills
To the depths of the sea!
Bright stream, from the founts of the west
Rush on with thy music and glee!
O, to be borne to my rest
In the cold waves with thee!

Lady John Scott.

Evan, the River.

EVAN BANKS.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evan banks with temperate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
O banks to me forever dear!
O stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye!
Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in thy vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to memory brings
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost;
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasure bless my sight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

Helen Maria Williams.

Fife.

FIFE, AN' A' THE LAND ABOUT IT.

FIFE, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it;
May health an' peace an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

We 'll raise the song on highest key,
Through every grove till echo shout it;

The sweet enchantin' theme shall be,
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

Her braid an' lang extended vales
Are clad wi' corn, a' wavin' yellow;
Her flocks an' herds crown a' her hills;
Her woods resound wi' music mellow.

Her waters pastime sweet afford
To ane an' a' wha like to angle;
The seats o' mony a laird an' lord,
Her plains, as stars the sky, bespangle.

In ilka town an' village gay,
Hark! Thrift her wheel an' loom are usin';
While to an' frae each port an' bay,
See wealthy Commerce briskly cruisin'.

Her maids are frugal, modest, fair,
As lilies by her burnies growin';
An' ilka swain may here repair,
Whase heart wi' virt'ous love is glowin'.

In peace, her sons like lammies mild,
Are lightsome, friendly, an' engagin';
In war they 're loyal, bauld, an' wild
As lions roused an' fiercely ragin'.

May auld an' young ha'e meat an' claes;
May wark an' wages aye be plenty;
An' may the sun to latest days
See Fife an' a' her bairnies canty.

Fife, an' a' the land about it,
Fife, an' a' the land about it;
May health an' peace an' plenty glad
Fair Fife, an' a' the land about it.

Alexander Douglas.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speired what was 't they ca'd her.
Right scornfully she answered him,
"Begone, you hallanshaker!
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!
My name is Maggie Lauder."

"Maggie," quo' he, "and by my bags,
I 'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I 'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft
When I blow up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I 've heard of you, —
Live you upo' the Border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;

I 'll shake my foot with right gude-will,
Gif you 'll blow up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done!" quo' he. "Play up!" quo' she.
"Weel bobbed," quo' Rob the Ranter;
"'T is worth my while to play indeed
When I hae sic a dancer."

"Weel hae you played your part," quo' Meg;
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There 's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I 've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin' ye should come to Anster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder."

Francis Semple.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

THESE stanzas are an appropriate addition to the well-known song of "Maggie Lauder," composed by Francis Semple, about 1660.

THE cantie Spring scarce reared her head,
And Winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter came to Anster Fair,
And speired for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green
Its shelter kindly lent her;

Wi' canty ingle, clean hearthstane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He played the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
And merry Maggie vaunted
That Hab himsel' ne'er played a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring, —
And wha 's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk and loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage-knot was tied,
Rob swears he couldna want her;
For he loves Maggie as his life,
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

Charles Gray.

Forth, the River.

THE FORTH.

BUT where the Forth's broad river sweeps the plain,
Moving to wed, fair stream, the eastern main,
Yet nobler scenes unfold, — a crowded port,
Where Commerce, sire of empire, holds his court;

The dark blue Frith, where many a whitened sail
Rests in the roads, or, pausing, courts the gale;
The isles that on its breast repose serene,
Here gray with rocks, there softening into green;
The expanse beyond, which owns no bounding line
But that where sea and sky their tints combine;
Save where, illumined by the westering ray,
The rock-walled Bass ascends, or humbler May;
And, lovelier still, the winding northern shore,
With hamlets, towns, and castles, brightened o'er,
Adorned with fields from waste by culture won,
That gently swell to meet the summer sun;
While o'er their heads the giant Lomonds rise, —
Proud sons of earth that threaten yet the skies.

Anonymous.

Foyers (Fyers), the River.

VERSES

WRITTEN WHILE STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The foaming Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below;
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,

And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers;
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid caldron boils.

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

THE FALL OF FOYERS.

I STOOD one morning in summer,
On the rude peak opposite
Where over the rocky Foyers came down
The cataract foaming white.

No sigh in the air above me;
No song in the woods around;
A deathlike silence, broken alone
By the hollow and deep-mouthed sound

Of water forever falling,
And boiling and seething below;
Now lashing the crags in its furious ire,
Now laving them in its flow.

No change in its deep diapason,
No pause in its passionate dole,
Plaintive and awful, it found and woke
An echo within my soul!

Grand in its eloquent beauty,
Great in its infinite might,

It left its rocky home for my heart,
Overflowing it quite!

Its splendor flooded my spirit,
And, though hundreds of miles away,
As plain as I saw it that summer morn,
I can behold it to-day;

Can lie in the night-time and listen
To the splash and the dash of the tide,
And can see the boiling caldron smoke
Down the cavern yawning wide!

For all that we witness of beauty,
All grandeur melting us most,
Passes into eternal possession,
And can nevermore be lost!

William Leighton.

END OF VOL. I.

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